The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1888.

The Week.

As regards the composition of the House committees, we think there will be general agreement that, on the whole, Mr. Carlisle has done his work well. The weakest point appears to be the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service, which is constructed too much on the principle of that famous committee on the same subject of which Mr. Blaine made Gen. Butler the leading spirit. The fact that a majority of the chairmanships go to the South, is seized upon by the bloody-shirt organs as occasion for a new howl about the Confederacy being in the saddle, but with a melancholy air which shows that they know that the country is sick of it. The South gets the majority of the chairmanships when the Democrats control the House, just as the North does when the Republicans have a majority, because the preponderance of each party's strength is in the section which thus profits. The only question with which the voters who decide elections nowadays are concerned, is whether the men are fit for the places which they get. For example, "a one-legged ex-Confederate soldier named Stone," according to the *Tribune* correspondent, has been appointed Chairman of the Committee on War Claims; but as the *Tribune* correspondent adds that "Mr. Stone is a good man," nobody whose opinion carries weight will object to him because he was once a "rebel," any more than they objected to his fellow-rebels who were appointed judges of United States courts at the South by Grant, Hayes, and Arthur.

Mr. Lamar has resigned the Secretaryship of the Interior in order to avoid the embarrassment to public business caused by the nomination of his successor, who has not yet been confirmed, "and to leave before the Senate in its final judgment upon his [my] nomination the sole question of his fitness for the position." This is a manly and straightforward act of the sort which always strengthens a public man with the people. It must also strengthen Mr. Lamar with the Senators who are to pass upon his case. There never has been any real doubt of his confirmation, and Senator Stewart's letter giving his reasons for voting that way assures such a result. Mr. Stewart's letter is an exceedingly vigorous and powerful defence of his position, and is perfectly merciless in exposing the hypocrisy and cant of the warfare which has been waged against Mr. Lamar by the bloody-shirt element in the Republican party. Mr. Stewart shows the fallacy of all the charges against Mr. Lamar on the ground that he has not loyally accepted the results of the war, and states what every candid person knows to be the exact truth when he says: "I know of no other man who bore arms against the United States in the late war who has so unreservedly accepted the verdict of arms, and so unequivocally and continuously maintained the validity of the new amendments to the Constitution, as Mr. Lamar." In short, this Republican Senator has made a complete answer to all the absurd stuff on this subject which nine-tenths of the Republican papers in the country have been printing for the past month.

"A States' Rights Opinion Given," is the headline which a Republican organ quite properly puts over the decision rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States on Monday, overruling the action of the United States Circuit Court in Nebraska, and vindicating the freedom of that State from Federal control in matters involving State questions. This "States' rights opinion," it is well to remember, was the unanimous judgment of a Supreme Court every one of whose members holds a commission signed by a Republican President. Two of these judges were appointed by Lincoln, and it is evident that they still stand upon the platform on which Lincoln was elected to the Presidency. A good many Republican editors of to-day will probably be surprised to learn that in 1860 the Republican National Convention resolved that "the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends."

The memorial of the Bar Association of this city which has been sent to Congress, praying for an increase in the salaries of Federal judges in this State, ought to be heeded at this session, when the great problem before the members is the best way to reduce the enormous surplus. It surely cannot be claimed now that the country is not able to pay its judges salaries large enough for them to live upon respectably. No one can claim that the salaries at present paid are large enough for that. A United States District Court judge receives only $4,000 a year. A Circuit Court judge receives only $6,000, from which he is obliged to pay his own travelling expenses and private clerk hire. Compared with the salaries of New York State and city judges, this is absurdly inadequate compensation. Supreme Court judges here receive $17,500, those of the Superior Court and Common Pleas $15,000, Police Court $8,000, and Civil or District Court $6,000. When Mr. Lacombe accepted the appointment to the new Federal Circuit Judgeship, he resigned the city position of Corporation Counsel at a salary of $12,000 to take a Federal position at $6,000. This is a sacrifice which the Government ought to be ashamed to ask. More than that, the low salaries of the Federal judgeships serve as an insurmountable obstacle to most of the best legal and judicial talent of the city, because our most eminent lawyers and judges cannot afford to give up a remunerative position or a well-paid judgeship for a seat upon a bench where the remuneration does not exceed that of an ordinary clerk. Congress ought not to delay in raising the salaries to the amounts suggested by the memorialists, that is, $9,000 a year for circuit judges; for the district judges of the Northern and Eastern Districts, salaries equal to those allowed by the State to the judges of the Supreme Court outside of New York city, namely, $6,000; and for the Judge of the District Court of the Southern District of New York, in view of the cost of living in the city of New York, $7,000.

The fury of the Blaineites over Mr. Lowell's speech in Boston shows how hard its praise of Cleveland struck them—for they feel all praise of Cleveland as a stinging reflection on their own candidate—which is of course unfortunate for Mr. Lowell, as it subjects him to torrents of abuse. But this does not prevent Mr. Lowell's speech being one of the best pieces of political oratory which have been heard in the United States for many a day. The Blaineites are, in fact, so sensitive about Blaine that one can hardly speak of any other public man as honest, or truthful, or manly, or square, or upright, or accurate, or sober-minded, without rousing the worst passions of their nature. They always think this means that Blaine is wanting in these qualities, and rally round their candidate with their squirts loaded with filth. There could not be a more striking illustration of the demoralization brought by the continued prominence in politics of such a man as Blaine, than the obligation which it imposes on all his followers to vilify everybody in the community, however estimable or illustrious, who disapproves of him and his methods even so far as to be unwilling to see him in the Presidency.

Senator Allison of Iowa has been spending the vacation among his constituents, and he has found out that the "Blaine and a surplus" platform will not be accepted by Western Republicans. He told an interviewer at Dubuque last week that the necessity of revising the tariff is great, that Congress will be compelled to act, and that the party which fails to do its share in speedily reducing the tariff taxes will lose in public favor. It is rather hard on the New York *Tribune* that this outspoken declaration in favor of tariff reform, by the leading Republican Senator from the West, comes just as that paper is getting out an "Extra" containing the "Paris message."

Senator Allison condemns Mr. Blaine's policy of maintaining the surplus and distributing it among the States only by implication, but Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island comes out specifically against it. In his address to the Providence Board of Trade on Tuesday week this Republican made a very

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strong argument against the plan laid down in the "Paris message." Mr. Aldrich declared that "it is substantially agreed by all parties that the revenue must be reduced," and added that "there is a general feeling among those who have made a study of the question that the annual reduction ought to be $100,000,000," although Mr. Blaine does not think that any reduction is necessary beyond the comparatively small amount involved in removing the tax upon that "necessity of to-day," tobacco. Mr. Aldrich said further upon this point, we may presume with an emphasis upon the word in italics: "I know of no *intelligent* protectionist or Republican who is not in favor of reducing the annual revenue to such a sum as shall be required to meet the current expenses and the maturing obligations of the Government." As for the Blaine plan of annually dividing a great surplus revenue among the States for the benefit of a particular class of taxpayers, Mr. Aldrich contemptuously remarked: "None of the propositions to collect a revenue with a view of dividing it among the States, or distributing it by extraordinary expenditures, are in my opinion defensible."

The strike of the coal-miners of the Reading Coal and Iron Company is connected, in the imaginations of the Knights of Labor, with the strike of a portion of the employees of the Reading Railroad Company. The strike of the railroad hands, it will be remembered, grew out of the refusal of the crews of five freight trains to handle cars loaded with flour taken from a warehouse that was operated by non-union men. The Superintendent of the railroad company promptly discharged the five crews and filled their places with non-union men. There had been a similar difficulty brewing for some time among the coal-handlers at Port Richmond and Elizabethport regarding "scab coal" from the Lehigh region, where a strike was going on in which the Reading Company had no concern except as carriers of coal mined by other companies and firms. A strike was ordered all along the line when the five crews were discharged, but it was only obeyed in part, and a conference was held between the Superintendent and the leaders of the Knights of Labor, in which it was agreed that the five crews and the two leaders who had incited them to mutiny should be definitely discharged, and that all strikers who reported for duty at twelve o'clock on the next day should be re-employed if their places had not been filled in the meantime. The Knights affirm that there was a further understanding that the original difficulty growing out of the refusal of the five crews to handle non-union flour should be submitted to arbitration; but there is no evidence of any such agreement, but on the contrary every reason to doubt it, since the laws of the State and of the United States expressly require railroad companies to carry all freight offered, in its turn, without discrimination or favoritism.

The strike of the coal miners is a different matter altogether. This is a question of wages entirely. The granting of the 8 per cent. advance, or the refusal to grant it, involves no question of principle, or of law or charter requirements, or of discipline. The company had an agreement with the miners that they would continue the 8 per cent. advance after the 1st of January if the same advance was granted in the Lehigh region. The miners agreed to go back to the old wages if the advance was not agreed to in the Lehigh region. As a matter of fact the advance was not granted to the Lehigh miners. Therefore, logically, the Reading men were bound to go to work at the old rate on the 1st of January. But miners are not very logical, and indeed it does not make much difference whether they work a few days or a month at the old wages, and then strike again, or whether they simply break the agreement. The agreement did not require them to work at the old wages for any specified time, although the implication was that their strike was contingent on the Lehigh strike, and was to follow the fate of the latter. There is no reason, therefore, why the miners' strike should not be submitted to arbitration if the Reading Company see fit to do so. But no arbitration or private settlement of that strike can be made to hinge upon the freight-handlers' strike of the Reading Railroad employees. The same reasons which forbade any submission to arbitration of the company's right and duty to carry all goods offered promptly and without discrimination in the first instance, forbid it now. The correlative right and duty to discharge hands who refuse to obey orders, and to employ others, remains unaffected by anything happening or that may happen in the coal region.

An interview with Gen. Sickles, the new Chairman of the State Civil-Service Commission, shows that his intentions are excellent, but also that he has paid but little attention to the working of the competitive system. There is no surer sign of a man's ignorance about it in this State than his belief that the examinations are not practical. Gen. Sickles apparently holds this belief, and in support of it cites the case of a

> "young man who applied for a position in which a knowledge of chemistry and metallurgy was absolutely necessary. He was a graduate of one of the scientific schools, and was a man of considerable repute in chemistry and metallurgy. He went up for examination, and was asked all sorts of questions in a two hours' examination on all sorts of things, but was not asked a single one about the subject of chemistry and metallurgy."

This looks very startling, but the explanation of it is probably the same as the explanation of the puzzling story told by "the boy" about the complicated relationships in his own family: the "young man" lied. We venture to assert that no such examination ever took place. Stories of this sort are frequently told by defeated candidates to excuse their failure to their friends, but they are never brought to the notice of anybody who can investigate them. Gen. Sickles's account of the way the examinations ought to be conducted, in his opinion, shows also that he has still to make himself acquainted with the way they are conducted. For instance, he recommends that the police examinations should be conducted by "such a man as Inspector Dilks," not knowing that they are conducted by a better man than Inspector Dilks, namely, Inspector Byrnes; and he recommends the "same method in the Fire Department," not knowing that the examinations there are conducted by Chief Bonner. His further remark, "that the place of a mechanic should be filled by a mechanic, and not by a college graduate with a smattering of knowledge of the work to be done, we must in common politeness take to be a recommendation, and not an empty platitude; but as such it shows that Gen. Sickles is still in the state of mind which was very common four or five years ago, when there was so much hostility in political circles to examining candidates "touching the height of the walls of Khartum and the depth of the Polar Sea."

Gen. Sickles's want of knowledge of the system is very likely shared by his colleagues, which makes it seem unfortunate that they should so soon have got rid of the Chief Examiner, Mr. Potts. Their first official act was to dismiss him, as he was an object of special animosity, we believe, to the Governor, who was extremely annoyed at his being put in a salaried office by a commission which he (the Governor) looked on as moribund, without consulting him. The offence was aggravated, too, by the fact that Mr. Potts had been secretary of that odious body, the Civil-Service Reform Association. But none the less Mr. Potts was a most efficient officer, thoroughly familiar with all the duties of his place, and, as any man filling it ought to be, eagerly sympathetic with the system he was called on to administer. If the new Commissioners had kept him in his place until they had thoroughly familiarized themselves with their new duties, they would, in our opinion, have done a very wise thing.

New Hampshire is beginning to doubt whether its new insurance policy pays. It will be remembered that two years ago last summer the Legislature passed the "Valued Policy Law," which required an insurance company in case of total loss by fire to pay the entire amount of the policy without regard to the loss actually incurred. All the foreign companies withdrew from the State. Appeals were made to State pride, and a number of local companies were started. For a few months things went well, but last year brought losses of over $2,000,000, which is more than double the average for the last ten years; and one of the strongest of the new local companies, the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Mutual, which carried risks of $800,000, has just been forced into liquidation, while several other companies are reported to be in a rather shaky condition. "What do we care for abroad?" is not so popular a remark in New Hampshire now as it was two years ago.

It is now announced authoritatively by the London *Lancet* that the affection of the throat from which the German Crown Prince is suf-

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fering is not cancer, but "a severe form of chronic laryngitis," and that the condition of the throat has completely changed. The news, we are sure, will be received with the heartiest satisfaction throughout the world. There is no royal personage who has so strong a hold on the respect or affection of men of all civilized communities, or whose removal just now would be so great a misfortune, both for his own and other European countries. The way, too, in which he has borne the belief, for many weeks, that he was threatened with a lingering death of the most horrible kind, has been a splendid example of courage and fortitude. As long as he lives and can perform the duties of the place which awaits him, the future of the German Empire may be considered secure, and it will be a future of peaceful progress, both political and industrial. Moreover, in a few years more the military ardor of Prince Wilhelm, the next heir, will have been cooled by time and experience of life.

The Pope's Jubilee has not brought about, as some people supposed it would, a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal, as the phrase is, or, in other words, reconciled Leo XIII. to the loss of the temporal power. So far is he from this that he returned the King's presents the other day in a somewhat uncourteous way. We are sorry to add that the prospects of a settlement are still further darkened by the uncompromising attitude on the subject of the temporal power of some Catholics in this city, and notably of Mr. Bourke Cockran, who has set his face like flint against home rule for the Romans. He is apparently opposed to the kingdom of Italy as at present constituted, and insists on the surrender of the capital and a piece of the adjoining territory to the Pope and the Cardinals. We feel sure that Mr. Cockran, however, will some day relent, and let the Italians have their metropolis in peace, but we do not see how the Pope ever can. No Pope will be willing to go down in history as the one who gave up the claim of the Papacy to the States of the Church. Consequently, every Pope will for an indefinite period, as a matter of form, continue to put himself on record as complaining of being kept out of them. This does no harm to any body, and saves all rights. No claim of this kind is ever relinquished in a short time. It is only seventeen years since the Pope lost Rome. It is one hundred years, to all intents and purposes, since the Bourbons lost Paris, and they are claiming it still vigorously. The Stuarts, too, claimed London down to the beginning of this century, or until the line became extinct. If the Papal claim to Rome be abandoned within 150 years, those who witness it will be greatly surprised. In the meantime, however, the restoration of the temporal power is about as likely as the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire. The great argument that the Church cannot get on without it, even with the help of God Almighty, will, however, yearly become a little more hollow. In forty or fifty years it will become ridiculous even to the most pious believers. It is always dangerous to argue that you cannot live without a thing which you cannot have, because you are liable sooner or later to have to decide whether you will die or be reduced to absurdity.

The French Government, curiously enough, considering what a part women in France play in the retail trade, has only recently begun to employ them in the public offices. It has now about 6,000 in the postal and telegraphic service, to which they are admitted after a competitive examination which has to be pretty severe, owing to the large number of applicants—from five to ten for every vacancy, although the salary is wretchedly small. It takes long years of service to reach the maximum of $300. M. George Michel discusses the working of the experiment in the last number of the *Économiste Français*, and gives some interesting details about its conditions. The office hours of the women are from ten to five, and they are rigidly confined to one portion of the building, which no man is allowed to enter except the higher officers of the department. They are furnished by the Government with a hot lunch in the building, or breakfast, as they call it, at from ten to fifteen cents, from a kitchen established for the purpose. No letters are allowed to be delivered to them in the office. All letters addressed to them there are sent to their homes. As to the quality of the service rendered by the women, what their superiors say is, that they are far superior to the men in everything which calls for manual dexterity. In sending despatches, classifying bonds and coupons, verifying and sorting postal orders, and in the keeping of accounts, their superiority is incontestable. M. Michel says: "They discover errors with that sureness of sight which belongs to women accustomed to count the points of a piece of tapestry or the threads of a piece of linen to be marked. They also give very close attention to the copying and the verification of tables of figures. But as soon as the work ceases to be in some sort manual, their superiority disappears in most cases. They cannot follow up a correspondence or extract the essence of a transaction from a bundle of papers. Their turn of mind rebels against this sort of work; it loses itself in details."

The length to which "realism in art" has been pushed by a certain school of French littérateurs has brought so much reproach on the French nation that a "League" has been formed for the "Elevation of Public Morality," in "the interest of democracy and of the honor of the national genius." "The question is," its promoters say, "the frightful spread of immoral and demoralizing literature." What has brought about this crisis is probably Zola's latest effort, which is having an immense sale, and is probably the filthiest and most disgusting product of the human mind either in ancient or modern times. A lecture has just been delivered, under the auspices of the League, by M. Pressensé, one of the Senators, at Lyons, in which he draws a terrible picture of the condition of French light literature; but this, as the *Temps* points out, is a comparatively easy thing to do. What is needed is a remedy, and the suggestions made on this point are not very valuable. One writer, M. Loliée, in a book on 'Literary Men' (*Gens de Lettres*), says the cause of the evil is that whereas writers used to be amateurs who never expected to make money out of their books, they are now professionals who want to make all the money they can, and manufacture whatever they find will sell best. This may be an explanation, but it is not a cure. The *Temps* says that the only way to abate the nuisances is to induce "the public to become disgusted with the products which are furnished to it, instead of eagerly buying them," but this does not differ greatly from the plan of getting the Legislature to ordain virtue, at which the same journal laughs. The fact is, that both filthy books and filthy newspapers owe their prosperity to the existence and rapid growth in all countries of an immense public which has acquired the art of reading without any intellectual tastes or culture, and therefore seeks from the types simple entertainment of any kind. He would be a very wise man who could tell how this class is to be cut off from what it finds the cheapest form of excitement.

The promised explanation by the Mexican Government of the newspaper charges brought against it in connection with the colonization of Lower California mingles confession with denial. It fully disposes of the charge of secret and underhand methods, easily showing that all the contracts involved had been long since published. It also makes the alarm over the alleged number of American settlers look rather ridiculous, by showing that of the 1,600 colonists recently introduced into the Territory, not more than 200 are citizens of the United States, while the total population is upwards of 34,000. This estimate, however, makes no account of the foreigners who are in Lower California, not as settlers, but as adventurers, explorers, holders of contracts and laborers under them. There seems to be no way of getting at the numbers of these accurately, but it is generally admitted that they would foot up many more than the regular colonists. The Government argues strongly for the positive advantages wrought for Mexico by the development of the Territory under the present policy, instancing the new Custom-house established at Santa Rosalia purely in consequence of the growing trade, from which a revenue of $90,000 has already been produced. Secretary Pacheco tacitly admits that the law preventing alienation of land within twenty leagues of the frontier has been violated, but justifies this by saying that the law has become ridiculous with the introduction of railroads, since a hundred leagues mean less now than twenty did formerly. He also refers at great length to the circumstances attending the annexation of Texas, arguing that the situation in Lower California is entirely different, and that, moreover, the attitude of the United States towards annexation is wholly unlike what it was half a century ago.

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SENATOR SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

Our Washington advices state that Senator Sherman's speech is to be taken as an indication of the Republican policy of dealing with the surplus. We think that there is good reason for this opinion. In the first place, Mr. Sherman is and has long been the leader of the party on that class of questions. He has had more experience in dealing with them than any other member. He understands the principles of finance better than any other. He is immeasurably the superior of Blaine in this regard. He is quite as skilful as the author of the "Paris message" in presenting surface arguments when they serve his purpose, but he sees much further below the surface, and accordingly knows much better what the wearing qualities of a sophism are if it becomes necessary to use it. It is thus, by virtue of a better training, that he has kept clear of Mr. Blaine's plan to divide the whiskey tax among the States—a proposition which has fallen upon the public opinion as flat and motionless as a ball of putty against a pavement.

Mr. Sherman has steered clear, also, of the fantastic proposition to abolish the whole internal-revenue system. He goes no further in this direction than the repeal of the tobacco tax and the special taxes (amounting to $5,200,000) on rectifiers, etc., of distilled spirits. "The taxes on beer and spirits," he says, "might be so modified that the States could make taxes on the consumption of those articles a bounteous source of revenue and a proper means of relief from the burdens of local taxation." This is a very different thing from advocating the repeal of all internal-revenue taxes. It proves conclusively that the Republican party is not prepared to enter the next campaign bearing the odium of free whiskey while sugar and salt, for example, remain taxed nearly 100 per cent. ad valorem.

But the surplus must be got rid of somehow, and those who object to the President's methods must show better ones. Mr. Sherman suggests rather than recommends extra liberality in appropriations as a means of getting money out of the Treasury. He says that *if* the President had signed the River and Harbor Bill, *if* he had not vetoed the Pauper Pension Bill, *if* the House had voted for a suitable coast-defence bill and a proper increase of the navy and the "Bill to Promote Mendicancy," and, finally, *if* the Secretary of the Treasury had gone on resolutely buying bonds in the face of an advancing premium, we should not now have the surplus problem in its present aggravated state. Undoubtedly there may be found ways to spend all the money that can be raised by any system of taxation. Most of us would be willing to take some. But it requires courage to advocate public extravagance before a people who have been all their lives practising economy in private, because they were compelled by dire necessity to do so. Mr. Sherman comes just short of saying that he would enlarge the expenses of the Government to the magnitude of the surplus, but what he says on this point is sufficient to give President Cleveland a very fair start in the next campaign, because what he does say is a public announcement that the Administration has been economical of the people's money. Since party contests began in this country, the claim of economy by the ins and the charge of extravagance by the outs have constituted the chief part of our political diet. The time has not yet come when this rule can be changed. We look upon this as the weakest part of Mr. Sherman's speech, and we shall be surprised if the Democrats do not make him repent that he ever helped them to prove to the people that they have been careful in husbanding the public resources, and that they have avoided as far as possible the payment of high premiums to bondholders.

Mr. Sherman proposes a reduction of the sugar duties. This is the only protective tax that he consents to abandon, and he allows this only on condition of granting a bounty to the American producer of the article. It will be a novel experience—this payment of bounties out of the Treasury to persons engaged in a particular industry. If this policy is adopted in reference to sugar, it follows that every other industry which is, or says that it is, put to disadvantage by tariff changes, must be fed with the same spoon. The wool-growers have not ceased to declare that they were damnified to the extent of millions by the slight reduction of the tariff on wool made in 1883. If sugar is to have a bounty, why not wool, and why not everything that can show that it is suffering from those "inequalities of the tariff" which the Republican party is pledged in its last national platform to rectify? We advise all parties to beware of bounties.

THE TAXES ON TOBACCO.

We were not aware until very recently that the tax on domestic cigars is a part of the general system of "fostering" American industry. We use the word fostering, instead of protecting, because it is used by the *United States Tobacco Journal*, from which we derive this valuable information. We are always sceptical about the promotion of industry by taxation. The fostering care of a government which levies any percentage of tax over and above the plain needs of the public treasury, looks to us like the diversion of the lawful earnings of one person to the pocket of another, the more especially since the Government has no occult resources of its own, but can only disburse or distribute what it has first collected from the people. This reasoning is commonly held to be sound and unanswerable until you apply it to the consumers of imported goods. Latterly there has been an extension of the principle to butter, the doctrine being that this article should be "fostered" by a tax on oleomargarine, although both are American products.

Far otherwise has the fostering care of the Government been exercised in the cigar industry, which, as the *Tobacco Journal* assures us, has been stimulated not by taxing any other industry, domestic or foreign, but by taxing that industry itself. This is proved by statistics and the history of the trade. In 1860 the capital invested in the manufacture of cigars was $3,035,555. It gave employment to 7,997 persons, whose wages amounted to $2,531,354. The population of the country was 31,000,000. But between 1860 and 1870, when the tax was the heaviest and Government interference the strictest and most vexatious, the capital invested in cigar-making quadrupled, the population of the country having risen only to 38,000,000, an increase of only 24 per cent., against an increase of 400 per cent. in cigar-making. The number of persons employed rose in this period to upwards of 26,000, an increase of more than 300 per cent. In the next succeeding decade the cigar industry grew to $21,698,549 of capital invested and to 53,297 in the number of persons employed, or about 100 per cent., while the population increased only 35 per cent.

"What do these figures prove?" asks the *Tobacco Journal*. Why, that the internal-revenue cigar tax "fostered the cigar industry to a marvellous growth, and that while its repeal will not benefit the consumers in the least, it may expose the industry to the same injurious and deadening influences which hampered its growth before the war." The conclusion of our tobacco contemporary is, that "the best policy would, therefore, appear to be to leave well enough alone, particularly if the repeal of the tax is opposed by an overwhelming majority of the manufacturers themselves and all the wage-earners in the industry." Then a suggestion is made that both the consumer and the manufacturer would be benefited by the removal of the duty on raw leaf. There can, in fact, be no doubt that this important branch of American industry would be greatly promoted by the repeal of the duty on imported leaf, which has recently been increased to the shocking rate of 75 cents per pound (the former rate being 35 cents), in order to protect a few growers in the Connecticut Valley.

We cannot help feeling puzzled to find a particular industry calling for internal-revenue taxes on itself, and we should catalogue this fact among the other insoluble oddities of our financial situation—the surplus and the dreadful stew about getting rid of it—did we not remember that we heard the same outcry when the tax on matches was about to be knocked off. The match manufacturers wanted the tax retained. Why? Because it required more capital to go into the business while there was a tax on the article, and thus the trade was kept select, being in some sort a close corporation. We do not know whether this is the situation of the cigar trade, but we note it as a question worth looking into by Congress, why cigar manufacturers should want to pay the Government $3 per thousand on their output, and should be distressed that the Government does not want the money. Unquestionably there has been an immense increase in the cigar industry since the year 1860, by far greater than the increase of population. But since common sense refuses to believe that this increase has been caused by the tax on domestic cigars, we are driven to the conclusion that smokers now use cigars who formerly used pipes, just as they now use refined sugar where they formerly used brown sugar. These are

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merely signs of the increasing wealth of the country.

The taxes on tobacco and its products are of several kinds. Manufactured tobacco and snuff are taxed 8 cents per pound, cigars $3 per 1,000, and cigarettes 50 cents per 1,000. In addition to these taxes the manufacturers, dealers, and peddlers of cigars, tobacco, and snuff pay special taxes or license fees which amounted in the last fiscal year to $1,430,919. The total internal revenue from tobacco and the tobacco trade was $30,108,067, of which domestic cigars and cigarettes yielded a little more than $12,000,000. The *Tobacco Journal* insists that the repeal of the cigar tax would not benefit the consumer, because the cheapening of the article would be only one-third of a cent, "a fraction of currency which has no real existence." Possibly this difficulty might be got around by buying three at a time; but if it were insurmountable, the cigar-makers might as well pocket the $12,000,000, seeing that the Government does not want it and is embarrassed by having it. Can they not manage somehow to make their disbursements equal to their receipts? Are they, too, troubled with a surplus?

A few words of reply are due to a valued correspondent who writes to protest, on free-trade grounds, against our position in reference to the tobacco taxes. The difference between us is primarily this: We consider the surplus a greater evil than protective duties. He considers protective duties a greater evil than the surplus. Holding the view that the surplus is extremely menacing to all business interests, and most demoralizing in its incentives towards extravagance in appropriations, and that it is a new evil that may be killed now by common consent, while protection is an old one that can be killed only by slow degrees through the spread of education—for these reasons and for others which we need not repeat, we favor the repeal of the tobacco taxes as one of the measures for reducing the surplus.

SUCCESSFUL ANTI-LIQUOR LAWS.

THE statement which Gov. McGill of Minnesota has made concerning the effects of the new High-License Law in that State furnishes valuable corroborative evidence of the practical wisdom of this method of fighting the liquor evil. He tells the same story that has been told of every State in which high-license or tax laws have gone into effect, namely, a large decrease in the number of saloons, a perceptible diminution in the amount of drunkenness, and a great increase in revenues to the local and State treasuries. The Governor says there has been a total reduction of over 1,600 in the number of saloons in the State, and that "while the effects of the law with regard to the diminution of drunkenness must naturally be of a more or less speculative determination, still there are many facts which plainly warrant an inference that there is much less than before the law went into operation." He then quotes the following interesting and valuable opinion by Bishop Ireland, who, he truthfully says, is probably better able to judge of the general effect of the law with respect to drunkenness than anybody else in the State:

"In Winona there is a very large Polish population, perhaps 800 families, mainly composed of mill hands, and formerly there was a good deal of intemperance among them. There is now but one saloon in Winona, instead of eight or ten, and the bank deposits of the Polish people are unusually large. Caledonia, Houston County, was formerly composed of a large drinking population. Now there are but four saloons where there were formerly fifteen. In many of the smaller places drunkenness has disappeared altogether. Kilkenny, formerly a constant source of disorder, is now one of the quietest villages in the State. All classes of people are pleased, Germans, Polanders, and French, all through the country. If there was a popular vote to-day as to high license in Minnesota, the majority would be overwhelmingly in its favor. It is a solution of the temperance question. Its benefits are already appreciated by the people, and it would be impossible to change the High-License Law of Minnesota to-day. The financial feature of the Minnesota law is one of its many admirable features."

This is testimony of the highest value. It coincides perfectly with a letter recently published in the *Evening Post* about the effect of the law in Caledonia, one of the places mentioned by the Bishop. The writer of it stated that the effect of the law in that village had been to reduce the number of saloons from fifteen to four, to diminish drinking and drunkenness, to keep all saloons closed on Sundays, and to increase the revenues so that improvements of the streets had commenced. He concluded by saying, as Bishop Ireland does, that public sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of the law, and added: "It is an unmixed good." The Bishop says: "It is the solution of the temperance question."

Simultaneously with this news from Minnesota comes a detailed statement, put forth by the Local-Option League of Ohio, giving the latest figures concerning the working of the tax law in that State. License is forbidden by the Ohio Constitution, but the effects of license are secured by a law which levies a tax of $200 upon all full liquor stores and of $100 upon beer-saloons, and permits any community, by means of a local-option clause, to regulate, restrain, or prohibit the sale to suit itself. According to the Local-Option League the net results of this law to date are as follows:

"(1.) Two thousand and eighty-eight saloons have been closed by the saloon-tax provision.

"(2.) Five hundred and seventeen saloons have been closed by Town Councils, most of them by vote of the people.

"(3.) Two hundred towns in the State have adopted local option and suppressed the liquor traffic to a greater or less extent, and the number of towns taking this stand is increasing.

"(4.) Nearly $2,000,000 has been collected of the saloon men and put into city and county treasuries."

In order to get the effect of cumulative evidence, let us place beside this testimony from Minnesota and Ohio the latest official data about the effects of similar laws in other Western States. In Illinois there is a uniform tax of $500 upon liquor-selling. The law provides for two licenses, $500 upon liquor-selling and $150 upon beer-selling, but the local authorities have found it advisable in nearly all cases to use the privilege given them to make the tax a uniform one of $500 upon all kinds of saloons. The total effects of the law have been to reduce the number of saloons in the State from 13,000 to 9,000, to increase the revenues from the traffic from $700,000 to over $4,500,000, and to decrease perceptibly the amount of drunkenness and crime. In Chicago alone there are now 3,900 saloons, against about 4,000 before the law went into operation, notwithstanding the great increase of population, which would have warranted, under the ratio of the old law, at least 6,000 to-day, and the revenues have increased from $200,000 a year to nearly $2,000,000.

In Missouri, where the minimum license fee is $550 and the maximum $1,200, the number of saloons has been reduced about one-fifth, and the revenues raised from less than $600,000 to nearly $2,000,000. Under a local-option law, which is separate from the license law, and which has recently been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the State, thirty-four counties and eleven cities have established prohibition by popular vote. In Michigan there has been a tax law in operation since 1875—last year made more stringent, we believe, by raising the tax from $500 to $800 upon every wholesale dealer and from $300 to $500 upon every retail dealer. At the last session of the Legislature a local-option law was passed under which a large number of counties have voted in favor of prohibition. The effect of the two laws together has been to cut down the number of saloons to less than 5,000 in the State—about one-half of what they would number on the ratio of saloons to population under the prohibitory law which was in force previous to 1875, and to give the State an annual revenue of nearly $9,000,000. In Nebraska, where the license is $1,000 in cities and $500 in all smaller places, the number of saloons in Omaha has been reduced nearly one-half, drunkenness has been greatly diminished, and the revenue has been increased from $50,000 to nearly $250,000. Similar results have been obtained in other portions of the State.

Can anything like these results be shown from prohibitory laws? Is there a single State where there is a prohibitory law on the statute-books in which it can be affirmed that the liquor evil is restricted to anything like the extent shown by the statistics given above? If so, we are not aware of it. Only a few months ago the Prohibition organ, the *Voice*, published several columns of letters from persons in Maine about the working of the prohibitory law there, and the admission was frankly made in all of them that in all the large cities of Maine—Bangor, Portland, Lewiston—the law was not enforced at all. "With one voice," said the editor of the paper in summing up the Bangor portion of these letters, "they declare that the prohibitory law in Bangor is a farce and a fraud." The same charge was made about other cities, and was sustained by ample evidence, and the excuse made was not that the law was a failure, but that the Republican officials would not enforce it for political reasons. The same state of things exists in Rhode Island, where the law is systematically violated in nearly or quite all parts of the State. In Vermont it has never succeeded in keeping saloons closed, and in Iowa and Kansas there has been a similar

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failure. Saloons exist in large numbers in all these so-called prohibition States, and there is no revenue whatever from them.

In fact, there has been no form of legislation in recent years which has proved so successful in actual experiment as these high-license laws. They do accomplish the most important purposes of restricting the traffic, keeping it within bounds wherein it can be regulated and controlled, and reducing the evils which flow from it. It is the one form of legislation which the liquor interests most fear, and for excellent reasons. We ought to have such a law in this State, and if the present Legislature does its duty, the responsibility of preventing us from having it will be put squarely upon the Governor's shoulders.

FROM TRIPOLI TO ALEXANDRIA.

ROME, December 21, 1887.

COMING from the French possessions in Algeria and Tunis to Tripoli is a change from tolerably well-ordered countries to a narrow strip of fertile, poorly-cultivated land, with Turkish rule and garrisons, an unhealthy and, for a great part of the year, very hot climate. Mirages are common, and have often deceived mariners on the inhospitable and poorly charted and lighted coast. From the mountains and fertile plains of the northern part to the arid deserts and flat coast-land of Tripoli—the Sahara being but two miles inland from the city—is indeed an extreme change, and the older order of things obtains, with all the evils of Moslem misrule, wretchedness, and neglect. The few oases within travelling distance send their products to the weekly market, and these consist of barley, dates, rough cloths and carpets, cattle, horses, chillies, some fruits, grasses, and melons. It is stated that gold dust is brought in also. Formerly the slave-trade was prominent here, and caravans with slaves from the interior were the chief source of trade and activity.

The garrison, besides occupying the citadel, were encamped without the walls, on the right, in the public gardens, to the number of two thousand. There is some apprehension regarding the aims of Italy in this quarter, and these troops—at their present strength—have not been here long. Two well-armed men-of-war were also in the harbor, and the fortification mounts a few large Krupp guns besides the considerable number of ordinary cannon. The walls are much worn and decaying, but they are manned; sentinels are posted at all points, and visitors are not permitted to go near them. Two large schools were visited at 7 A.M., and were full of all classes of scholars—adults as well as boys—studying aloud. The morning hours are not neglected by any portion of the community; trade was brisk, and none were abed. The population consisted of the usual Jewish traders and merchants, very many negroes from the interior, a few Europeans—Maltese, Italians, and French—and the larger part Bedouins. The Turks number not over a sixth of the inhabitants. A large number of the Arabs are Tunisian, and appear to be rather a hard lot, freely reviling the foreigner upon sight. Since the French occupation of Tunis, these Arabs come into Tripoli, and are said to be a little troublesome. They pitch their tents near the city.

For pure sightseeing of Arabs—their mode of life, productions, trading capacities, and characteristics—Tripoli offers better facilities than any other northern African port. I saw great heaps of their staples—grain, dates, and chillies—and vast numbers of camels, horses, and some cattle. Well-bred and blooded colts of four or five months were priced at from two to four English pounds, and they were exquisitely beautiful. Cloths and carpets of coarse make and fibre were strewn about for several hundred yards, and were mainly of wool. Barley and dates exceeded all other displays, and the space occupied by the market was certainly a half mile long by a quarter wide. The scene was unique; there were money-changers and story-tellers, musicians and armorers, the rich, fat Jew and the haughty, well-to-do Arab, with servants of both sexes, black as Erebus, a mingling of costumes and colors, flowing white burnooses, and head-gear of all the northern African races. Ears, necks, noses, arms, and ankles of the Arabs loaded with jewelry; hidden faces, tattooed skins, the lame and the sick—all were there, and rarely a European. The sun beat down, and there were no tents; the season was declining; October was at hand, and the thermometer (F.) was at 95°.

There is no American consular officer here. The bazaars offer nothing unusual, but they are large, roomy structures, and with few exceptions are occupied by the Jews. The principal stocks are cotton, silks, carpets, embroideries, and European fancy articles, smokers' materials, fezes, arms, perfumes, and so on. There is no good accommodation for travellers, and the tourist coming to Tripoli must rough it—must accept poor fare and many strange bedfellows. The streets are merely lanes, foul and ill-smelling to the last degree, and there is no cleanliness. Sheep are killed at any convenient wall, and the meat sold on the spot; offal is left for dogs—too few for the purpose—and one meets everywhere heaps of garbage and refuse. Eye diseases and poorly nourished children are common. The best element of Tripoli seemed to me to be the nomadic Arabs. They at least appear clean, and, with their fine faces, tall figures, and haughty bearing, their quaint arms, their pure white flowing costume, incessantly going and coming, on camel or horse, they have a striking individuality.

There is no way of ascertaining the volume of trade accurately, and though it may not be as large as formerly in the days of slave-selling and the great caravans from the far interior, it is nevertheless considerable and mainly local. Of course there are no docks, and all loading and discharging of steamers is done by large boats and lighters. Labor is cheap as well as human life. With the extinction of piracy and slavery, and the decline of the power of the reigning chiefs—from this last cause more than anything else—Tripoli as well as Tunis soon took an inferior place and is now rarely heard of in a material sense. There does not appear to be much to attract foreign conquest, and if it is asserted that Algeria is a drain on the French treasury, it is inconceivable that Tripoli could ever support for any length of time a European force. It is an unhealthy country, and the few square miles of fertile coast land in the immediate vicinity of the capital offers the choicest part of the country. It is probably hotter than Egypt, with the desert a few miles away on three sides, and the relative humidity is extreme.

From Tripoli to Egypt is an agreeable change, but before reaching Alexandria there are days of scorching heat and blistering sun, steaming along the arid northern coast. The first impression one forms of Egypt at the present time is, that a struggle is going on between many forces, and that this fair country may not after all emerge from the condition of servitude and chaos she has been in for so many years. Few people can successfully deny the benefit Egypt is deriving from the English control. For the first time in ages the "fellah" or producer in this land gets a receipt for his annual tax payments, and he seems to be correspondingly happy and industrious over it. Formerly taxes were wrung from him as long as his money and worldly goods held out—often with the lash—and as often as two and three times in the year. One sees great quantities of cotton on the wharves, and much evidence of a large trade in Alexandria, while from the ruins of the old city is rising a vast, and in many parts an elegant, metropolis. Alexandria promises to be again a great city, and in the building activity one is reminded of a growing Western city in our own country. It is now estimated that the population is 250,000, and plans for the entire building of several new sections of the city are in progress. The English garrison are rarely seen, though they have two large buildings in the heart of the city, and occupy a commanding fortification in the old citadel, near the railway station, besides an encampment a few miles out, near the remains of the Khedive's unfinished summer palace. Without going into the question, one becomes impressed with the fact of the solid benefits of English control. During a visit to Egypt in 1881, I formed some idea of the order of things and the management of affairs then, and, coming now again, there seems to be a change for the better, though I should hesitate to state why. Notwithstanding a feeling of insecurity, which is quite general, the workers in the country are probably gaining a better spirit, there is more production, more industry, and less fear of a summary and brutal official and military class in government.

There is now prevailing at Cairo a form of fever, of malarial type, sometimes with a continuous or typhoid tendency engrafted on it, in all probability due to the excessive height and overflow of the Nile, and the consequent stagnant pools of water, decaying vegetable matter, and the formation of specific miasms. The mortality is reported as very low. The disease is, however, very general, and will in all likelihood unfavorably influence the coming season for tourists, as strangers to the country seem to be especially prone to experience an attack. In some cases symptoms of joint involvement and deep-seated pains are noted, and hence unusual reports of dengue and "break-bone fever" are in circulation, but there is an absence of the chronicity and serious sequelæ usually attendant on dengue.

In the older and strictly native portions of Alexandria the old order of things still obtains, and one winds through miserably kept streets, wooden bazaars, by heaps of garbage and refuse, and other annoying nuisances made more potent by the heat. As usual in the East, the Jews seem to have the bulk of the trade, and the money to do it with, but there is a wonderfully mixed population to be found in all manner of trades and occupations, and the country undoubtedly now contains a great number of renegades and adventurers from Europe—men and women with no good behind them. In many sections there are blocks upon blocks of the poorest hovels and wooden structures serving as shops, cafés, workshops, and dwellings, and inhabited by a motley crowd of Egyptians, negroes, Armenians, Jews, and low Europeans. There did not appear to be many unemployed people, and I was assured that there was work to be had by everybody desiring it—coarse labor on the many new buildings in course of construction. One, however, sees here as elsewhere a considerable number of the frock-coated gentry (here wearing the fez),

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always fairly well fed and dressed, idle, vicious, engaged in small peddling, or acting as quondam guides when subsistence becomes precarious. They accost one everywhere and are of all countries and languages. There are two large and influential clubs in Alexandria, several first-class hotels, an exchange, many elegant shops and stores, and at evening quite a display of pretentious equipages. Hotel rates are higher than in Europe, and first-class accommodation, without any extras, cannot be obtained under four dollars per day.

After October the climate of Egypt is not surpassed for mildness and equability anywhere, and many lives are prolonged for the winters spent here. In some respects the Messrs. Cook control much of the country's prosperity, and the number of people moved about by them is amazing. When one considers their paraphernalia, servants, and far-reaching influences generally, Egypt in winter without Cook would be "Hamlet" without the title-rôle. One only requires a long purse to do Egypt thoroughly and particularly; there is no trouble or annoyance about it. The natives are a long-suffering, patient, and generally honest lot, and thievery and rascality occur, if at all, in contact with the superior being from abroad. I have met with instances of rigid honesty and orthodoxy among the natives, both Mahometans and Copts, and going about among them is both safe and agreeable. Should some of the projected schemes for more general irrigation come to a successful conclusion, the area of arable and valuable land will be increased at least a million acres—by seven millions, as some assert. This land is all in the Nile delta, easy of access, and correspondingly valuable.

C. A. Siegfried.

JOURNAL OF THE BROTHERS GONCOURT.

Paris, December 28, 1887.

The brothers Goncourt were as like in appearance and in feeling as twin brothers. One of them is now dead, but we still say "les Goncourt." The survivor leads a sort of double life. He looks unhappy, like a man who has lost his shadow. The Goncourts were in one sense a rare instance, for they were literary twins. We sometimes see two men write in collaboration—we have had the case of Erckmann-Chatrian; but we know the secret of these collaborations. One does not bring the same things as the other to the literary picnic. The Goncourts really seemed to have had one heart and one brain; there is no sign which can help you to say, Here I recognize one and here the other. This mental and intellectual identification is all the more remarkable because these two brothers were not merely given to receiving and translating sensations: they had theories, they made plans, they were full of ambition, of hopes; they meant to create a literary school; they considered themselves as the true precursors of the naturalistic school.

Still, their dualism was a weakness, and it probably accounts for the failure of many of their hopes and ambitions. 'Madame Bovary' will be read when 'Germinie Lacerteux,' 'Madame Gervaisais,' 'Renée Mauperin,' 'Manette Salomon,' will be forgotten. I might say, without much injustice, that they are forgotten. Flaubert impressed his strong individuality on his work; the Goncourts had not the same creative force. They had a great sensibility, and received sensations as a mirror receives images. They were never able to give a dramatic form to their thoughts, to condense their observations in living types. They were witnesses rather than actors in the struggle of their own time, and though they pretended to be naturalists and impressionists, there is a curious want of reality in all their work. They always produce on me the effect of men who are just out of a dream.

In many respects they were interesting young men when they began their Parisian existence. They were well born (and many passages in their 'Journal,' which has just been published in two volumes, show that they were not unconscious of this great advantage); they were not extravagantly rich, but they were rich for their time; they might have lived like hundreds and thousands of other young men, enjoyed the pleasures of the gayest capital in the world, mixed with fashionable society. They made early for themselves an ideal; they had an intense curiosity with regard to artistic and literary matters, and they chose to see only artists and writers. Their name belongs to the pleiad of the poets and novelists who came after the great Romantics. Théophile Gautier was a sort of connecting link; he was a Romantic, he had been at the famous first representation of "Hernani," he had no leaning towards the naturalistic school.

In the society of artists, the Goncourts became collectors. How often did I see them on the Quai Voltaire, entering the shops of the dealers in old engravings and old drawings. They were early seduced by the French school of the eighteenth century, a school which was thoroughly despised in the time of Horace Vernet and of Ingres. They had no system, or, if they had one, they did not like the dryness of the French academical school of the Restoration; they appreciated the merit of men who were almost forgotten—of Chardin, Watteau, Boucher, Latour the pastellist, Greuze; of the brothers Saint-Aubin; of the engravers Gravelot, Cochin, Eisen; of Moreau, of Fragonard. They found a number of original drawings of these men, and bought for a trifle what would now fetch enormous prices. Their fine book entitled 'L'Art au XVIIIe. Siècle' will keep a very honorable place among the art literature of our time.

Their familiarity with the painters and engravers who lived during the French Revolution gave them opportunities for studying the French society of that period and of the Directory. The pictures they drew of these extraordinary times are vivid and full of interest, as well as their studies on the actresses of the eighteenth century, on the Duchesse de Châteauroux and her sisters, on Mme. de Pompadour, on Mme. Du Barry, on Marie-Antoinette.

The 'Journal' begins on the very day of the *Coup d'État* of December 2, 1851. By a curious chance, on that date the first novel of the Goncourts was to appear:

"In the morning when we were lazily dreaming of edition after edition, entered with noise and slamming of the doors our cousin Blamont, a ci-devant *garde du corps*, who was now a pepper-and-salt conservative, asthmatic and always angry.

"'It is done!' said he.

"'What is done?'

"'Well, the *Coup d'État!*'

"'Oh!—and our novel, which is to be put on sale to-day.'

"'Your novel? A novel? France cares little now for novels.'"

They went out, and though they looked at all the placards which covered the walls, and which had the proclamations of the new Government, they could not help searching for the placard which was to announce to the world the appearance of two more literary men, "Edmond and Jules de Goncourt." The placard was not there; the publisher had got frightened and had thrown all the placards in the fire.

The 'Journal' shows us, so to speak, the gradual development of the Goncourts; it takes us into their society. Flaubert plays a very important part in it, as well as Gautier. Gautier looked like a sort of lazy lion; he wore long hair, and had something of the sphinx. This is the way he worked at his feuilleton:

"At eleven o'clock I take a chair, I put on the table the paper, the ink, the pens, the instruments of torture. It bores me to write—it always did, it is so useless. . . . When I am once there, I write quietly like a public writer. I don't go fast, but I never stop, for, you know, I never look for anything better. An article is a thing of impulse, it is like a child—it is, or it is not. I never think of what I am going to write. I take my pen and write. I am a man of letters and know my trade. . . . I throw my phrases in the air; like cats, I am sure that *they will fall on their feet.*"

Gautier did not like Molière, and thought the "Misanthrope" badly written. He did not care for dramas of any sort: his was a subjective nature. "All my worth," he used to say, "arises from the fact that for me the visible world exists." He pretended that few people, when they had entered a room, could tell a moment afterwards what was the color of the paper. He preferred verse to prose, and when he wished to do something good, he always began it in verse.

Flaubert was more genial, less sceptical than Gautier. Like Gautier, he was what we call a stylist, only Gautier never changed the form he had chosen, while Flaubert changed it constantly. He had absurd theories upon the art of writing, like receipts for cooking; he gave so much importance to the words that sometimes the idea disappeared. He was very coarse in conversation, somewhat of a fanfaron of vice. He chose Carthage as the scene of one of his novels, as the most corrupt place which had existed on earth. Maxime Du Camp has told us for what reason Flaubert retired so often to Croissy, in his house on the Seine: he was subject to fits of epilepsy. Nobody could have believed it, seeing him so strong and apparently robust. In Paris he saw but few people, only a small number of friends: "he lived the life of a bear." This *oursevie* of the man of letters of the nineteenth century is curious, when you compare it with the worldly life of the writers of the eighteenth century, from Diderot to Marmontel. The middle classes of the present hour only care for the man of letters when he is disposed to accept the part of a curious beast, a buffoon, or a cicerone of foreigners.

One day About is painted, and the picture is very exact:

"We meet About while we are walking in the woods of Bellevue. He talks, he unbosoms himself, he becomes expansive. It is the measure of intelligence of a very intelligent man of the world, with a remainder of the professor and a little of the quack. He speaks of his person, of his hair which is growing gray, of his mother, of his sister, of his family, of his Castle of Saverne, of his five servants, of the eighteen people he always has at his table, of his hunting, of his friend Sarcey [the theatrical critic], of his disillusion in reading over the 'Notre-Dame de Paris' last week, of the qualities of Ponson du Terrail [a popular novelist], and of the opinion he has of him with Mérimée. It is the successful *moi*, but not too heavy, not too insupportable, saved by clever monkey tricks, by little flatteries for the littérateurs present. But in his conversation there is not an atom which is not terrestrial, Parisian, and small-newspaper."

The Goncourts describe Sainte-Beuve as a small, round, rustic-looking man, with a large forehead, a bald head, great eyes starting from his head, an irregular nose, an ugly mouth with an amiable smile; looking like a provincial librarian living in the dust of books, under which some good Burgundy wine would lie concealed. Sainte-Beuve was engaged in writing

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his famous 'Causeries du Lundi.' He was overworked, and complained of the necessity in such a task of jumping from subject to subject, from century to century:

"'One has not the time to love anything, to become attached to anything. . . . It breaks my head. I am like the horses who have their mouths spoiled by jerking to right and left,' and he made the gesture of a man who pulls the bit. 'Well, I am engaged for three years. At the end of three years I shall have earned about what people earn with a comedy which is not a success. Ah! the theatre,' he exclaimed; 'the comedy in verse is a thing of the past. Either you write verses which are not verses for comedy, or you write prose. Everything will tend to the novel, the field is so vast, and you can take every possible form.'"

Renan comes in, in many places, as he was a member of the once famous Friday dinners which made some noise under the Second Empire. Some of these dinners are well described in their disorderly conversations. The student of the literature of France between 1850 and the present day will find many notes to take in this 'Journal.' There are some parts which might well have been omitted, but the authors, I suppose, wished to give a proof of their perfect sincerity. The central figure of these littérateurs is the Princess Mathilde. The Goncourts worship her as the poets of the Pleiad celebrated the great ladies of their time; and, surely, nothing could exceed her kindness to her literary friends. Her salon has been the only point of contact of such men as Flaubert, the Goncourts, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Renan, and the great world. She was able to tame all these *bears*, like Circe. "A curious physiognomy, this Princess, with the succession of impressions of all sorts which she receives, and with those enigmatic eyes which pierce you. Her mind has something of her eye. Here and there a word comes out which paints, *à la* Saint-Simon, a thing or a man." The Princess Mathilde is no longer young, but she has kept the literary sceptre of a drawing-room. All her friends are very devoted to her; Goncourt still observes her and notes her clever sayings. She has chosen the better part, and never attempted to play a political rôle. Goncourt's gratitude and devotion to her are almost touching. He tries not to conceal it, and he prides himself candidly on the friendship of the niece of the great Napoleon, who condescends to be the most natural and best of women.

Correspondence.

QUESTIONS ON THE ISSUE OF THE DAY

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that the signs of the times point unmistakably to a clearly defined *national issue* between the great parties next fall, provided the Republicans do not force a personal one through the character of their nominee, and in view also of the fact that the popular discussion through the campaign is likely to be narrowed down, on the protectionist side, to the alleged dilemma (as the *Tribune* has just very ingeniously put it), *ruined industries* or else *pauper wages*, as the result of tariff reform —persistently called by the other side "free trade"—would it not be wise for the reformers largely to shape their discussion so as to anticipate this form of argument before it has fastened itself ineradicably in the prejudices of the people addressed by the *Tribune* and its like?

Personally, although on general and largely *à-priori* grounds, an out-and-out free-trader, should be glad to know how a careful thinker and trained economist would meet the seemingly grave objection that to open the door to foreign competition would necessarily bring, at last, American wages to a par with English ones in the same industry. Is it enough to answer that the American operative would be sufficiently protected by the 3,000-miles-freightage with which European goods must be handicapped in the competition with our own? Or shall we say that American wages cannot fall without a corresponding rise in English ones, both seeking a common level, as artificial conditions are removed? Or, finally, shall we answer that, happily or unhappily, the industrial conditions of the two countries cannot, for a long time, at any rate, be made the same—social, governmental, and other considerations forbidding it; and that accordingly the faithful, intelligent American workman must long command, tariff or no tariff, a compensation above that of his English brother?

How, also, shall we meet the *Tribune's* plausible suggestion that the pauper earnings of the needle-women, as Mrs. Campbell has so feelingly told the story, fairly hint what men's wages will be brought to when *their* ranks in the several industries are in effect similarly overcrowded by foreign competition?

I, for one, should like to hear your answer, however elementary or puerile the difficulty may seem to you.—Respectfully yours,

H. D. C.

Eastport, Me., December 29, 1887.

[There are so many answers to the foregoing queries that we find ourselves somewhat embarrassed to know where to begin. Perhaps we may as well start by asking why foreign competition does not bring English wages down to the level of German, French, and Belgian wages, which are as much lower than English as ours are higher.

For a second answer we might ask how we are enabled, with our high wages, to export and sell abroad in competition with foreign producers the following quantities of manufactures in a single year:

Iron and steel manufactures	$16,605,046
Leather "	9,692,408
Wood "	21,464,322
Agricultural implements	2,561,602
Books, maps, etc	1,389,350
Carriages	1,495,475
Chemicals	4,806,193
Clocks and watches	1,345,940
Cotton manufactures	11,866,591
Flax and jute "	1,314,140
Gunpowder, dynamite, etc	1,367,223
Paraffine	1,725,344
Refined sugar	16,071,767
	$91,707,401

This list is taken from the exports of the fiscal year 1885. It might be much extended, as we have selected only the items whose amounts were upwards of $1,000,000.

Now, the wage question enters into all these articles of manufacture just as much as it would into any article that might be imported. Will anybody tell why the higher wages of this country do not prevent us from exporting a hundred million dollars' worth of manufactures now, and selling them in competition with the lower wages of England and the still lower wages of Germany, France, and Belgium?

For a third answer we refer "H. D. C." to the report of the Hayes-Oliver-Porter Tariff Commission of 1883, where he will find the wages question fully considered as preliminary to an expression of opinion that a general reduction of the tariff by 20 or 25 per cent., as recommended by them, would not "*in any case* diminish the compensation of labor." They probably knew what they were talking about, and as they were the chosen ones of the protected interests, their testimony is not open to suspicion.—Ed. Nation.]

WORKINGMEN'S THOUGHTS ON THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Four years ago I talked free trade in this town, and was nearly thrown in the Lake in consequence—at least, I was threatened with it. But now I am surprised to notice the number of men, workingmen, steel-rail men at that, who are low-tariff men. It has been my fortune for the last six or seven years to associate pretty intimately with men employed in steel-rail and nail mills. I have noticed that the protection argument which has taken the most hold of their imagination (one cannot say their reason) is the argument deduced from a comparison of wages in England and America. Their bosses have taken great pains to enlighten them on this subject. But the crassest ignorance prevails among them concerning the wages of a protected country like Germany and France compared with England. Nor had any of them the slightest idea of the relative purchasing power of money in England and America. Some of them now have a glimmering idea of the difference, and more are learning.

Another point. Nearly all of them harbor a vague delusion, some admitting and some denying it, but all arguing from the assumption that high profits for the manufacturer means necessarily high wages for the men. A sort of Christian charity, philanthropy, or disposition to "divy up" is assumed. They all know by harsh experience the disposition on the part of the manufacturer to reduce wages when his profits are lessened, and they infer, per contra, a disposition to raise wages when the "boss" is making a "good thing" of it. Yet when convened quietly and dispassionately, and asked if they ever knew of such a case in their own life, they generally scratch their heads and acknowledge manfully they never saw it in actual practice. The protection doctrine, too, of "building up the country" exercises a mysterious effect on their imaginations, which they never can set forth palpably in words.

In these discussions between workingmen, though often long and earnestly carried on, I have observed the most admirable good temper among the men, frequently relieved with truly pungent sallies of wit as well as pithy apothegms of political economy. Not long ago a workingman in my hearing expressed his views as to what determined the wages of labor thus: "It is the man at the door that sets the wages of the man at the bench." I thought it very neat, but it may not have been original.

Any man grossly deceives himself who supposes the American workingman is not thinking on economic questions, especially on the tariff. It may be loose, vague, illogical thinking, but there is much scratching of heads and turning over of ideas among these men, and they are beginning to doubt the efficacy of protection for them personally. Along with this is a most healthy growing distrust of the boss's views on such questions. E. L. M.

South Chicago, January 5, 1888.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am a constant reader and admirer of the independence of your paper, and, being an ex-member of Congress, I take a deep interest

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in your discussion of the difficulties of a prompt organization of the House of Representatives. I thought, when a member of Congress, and I think yet, that the Speaker should not have the autocratic power of appointing the committees, but he should have some control thereof. I thought that the fairest and most expeditious mode of selecting the committees would be for the majority of the House to elect the Speaker, the Chairmen of the Committees on Ways and Means, Appropriations, and Judiciary, and that these four should on the next day select the chairmen of all the other committees, and, in case of a tie among the four, the Speaker should have another vote; that the Speaker and the chairmen thus selected should at once select their members of the majority party for each committee; that the minority of the House should select the men to stand first of the minority on the Committees of Ways and Means, Appropriations, and Judiciary, and that these three should the next day select the members of the minority to stand first on each of the other committees, and that the members so selected should select the members of the minority party to serve on the other committees. This could be arranged by the rules.

EX-MEMBER.

MEMPHIS, TENN., January 2, 1888.

RING-GROWTH IN TREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discussion on the question of the age of the Sequoias has brought up the question of the truthful record of age as indicated by so-called annual rings. While the former question is one of curiosity, the latter is one of decidedly practical importance, as its answer may affect the property rights of any citizen who is unfortunate enough to have to rely for the boundary lines of his land claims on the blazes with which a backwoods surveyor has marked the course of the survey lines. For, as is well known, the courts have had often to decide the priority of a survey, and therefore title to land, solely upon the evidence of a surveyor's overgrown mark, made a certain definite number of years ago, the "annual" rings deciding the time of survey.

It is, then, of great importance to the community that the subject should not be lightly or, without very sufficient basis, authoritatively discussed; it is desirable that, without overwhelming evidence, the belief in the accepted theory should not be disturbed. This accepted theory claims that wherever the seasons are determined by decided changes of temperature, and consequent rest followed by reawakened vegetation, such changes are marked by the formation of annual rings—that is to say, the cell elements constituting the wood formed in the first few weeks of awakening activity in the spring differ in form and appearance from those formed later in the season. That the same effect in a smaller degree may be expected from other alternating checks and resuscitation of vegetative activity, is but natural; such climatic disturbances as droughts followed by rainy seasons, or even the defoliation from some cause early in the season, with consequent recovery of foliage, will produce a similar appearance in the arrangement of cell elements to that which characterizes the annual ring.

The counting of an excessive number of rings during a given number of years, which is reported from the fitful climate of Nebraska, is, therefore, not surprising. But it also reveals, probably, a prejudice against the accepted theory, or a love for new discoveries and a lack of sharp observation on the part of the reporter; or else the less distinct appearance of the intermediary rings and their characteristic discontinuity, if followed around the section, would have been noticed. Having myself had occasion, for purposes of forest-scientific investigations, to count the rings of many hundred sections of trees, I may be presumed to know something of the difficulty sometimes experienced in determining the annual as distinct from secondary rings. Yet, so far, no evidence has come before me which would shake my belief in the accepted theory upon which the whole scientific system of German forestry is practically based.

To allay all doubts, the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture is collecting material upon which to decide this very important question, and seeks the coöperation of all those who are in position to forward sections of trees with well-authenticated record. It may be of interest also to state that as trees of positively known age are probably rarely cut, and as the height at which they are cut may leave from two to five years' growth untouched, and thus lead to discrepancies, other records must also be made use of. For instance, a short time ago I read, from a section of a hickory tree sent in, its life history, which was afterwards confirmed by inquiry, the rings revealing that nineteen years before it was cut, having grown in the dense shade of the forest, an overgrowing neighbor had been removed, but in three years' time another neighbor had taken possession of the empty space above and set back the hickory; the season of 1879 was marked as unfavorable, and in 1875 a sudden change of conditions—found to be the clearing of a field, by which the tree was placed in full enjoyment of light—was unmistakably indicated.

Hoping that these statements will prove of sufficient interest to be presented to your readers, and may engage their coöperation in supplying evidence for or against the theory of annual rings, I am, very respectfully,

B. E. FERNOW,
Chief of Forestry Division.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 29, 1887.

THE CHEAP LIBRARIES AND ROYALTY COPYRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Pearsall Smith has, it seems to me, neglected in his proposition the radical evil which it is the aim of true international copyright to uproot, and upon this point a few words may not come amiss.

One, and not the least, of the objects of the "League" is to put a stop to these unreasonably cheap editions of foreign authors. But if Mr. Smith's plan were to be adopted, these libraries, so called, could continue to publish their books at the same retail price, and reserve to themselves the same profit as before their piracy received its charter, the only difference being that two cents, let us say, upon every copy would be taken from the retail dealer to give to the author. For these twenty-cent books cost the retailer but thirteen cents, so that if the publishing house were to add two cents to the wholesale price, the retailer would still clear twenty-five per cent., and the author would receive but one hundred dollars on five thousand copies of the book which was printed contrary to his wishes, but with his forced consent.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

NASHUA, N. H., January 1, 1888.

DARWIN ON CLASSICAL STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although you have already published an excellent review of the 'Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,' I hope you can find room for the following extracts from the book, as they show Mr. Darwin's opinion of the classics as a means of education. Of the preparatory school at Shrewsbury he says: "Nothing could have been worse for the development of my mind than Dr. Butler's school, as it was strictly classical" (vol. i, page 29). Of the course at Cambridge he says: "During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school" (vol. i, p. 40).

The answers to Mr. Francis Galton's questions concerning his education are particularly emphatic (vol. ii, p. 355):

How taught?	I consider that all I have learnt of any value has been self-taught.
Conducive to or restrictive of habits of observation?	Restrictive of observation, being almost entirely classical.
Peculiar merits?	None whatever.
Chief omissions?	No mathematics or modern languages, nor any habits of observation or reasoning.

In a letter to a relative the following passage occurs:

"To return to schools. My main objection to them, as places of education, is the enormous proportion of time spent over classics. I fancy (though perhaps it is only fancy) that I can perceive the ill and contracting effect on my eldest boy's mind in checking interest in anything in which reasoning and observation come into play. Mere memory seems to be worked. I shall certainly look out for some school with more diversified studies for my younger boys" (vol. i, p. 354).

These opinions of Mr. Darwin should have all the more weight on account of his rare modesty and his over-readiness to give credit to others. They seem to me to be particularly interesting and valuable just now on account of the rabid criticism directed against the liberal and progressive policy of Harvard University.

H. T. P.

POTTSVILLE, PA., January 2, 1888.

GERMAN INSURANCE FOR WORKINGMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The suggestive article on compulsory accident insurance for the German laborer in the *Nation* of November 24 is well supplemented by one in the Berlin *Nation* of December 17, which may escape your notice. In substance, the writer (Dr. Th. Barth) says that the laboring classes are either indifferent to the insurance legislation or hostile to it as trenching on their personal liberty. More especially: "Admirers of State Socialism would be greatly embarrassed to furnish evidence that in labor circles, during the past ten years, so much as a finger has been lifted in behalf of this policy professedly so rich in blessings."

In times when one hears so much about the rights of labor and so little of the duties of the laborer, when the air is thick with legislative schemes of the perpetual-motion variety—schemes to get work out of a social machine without putting a compensating amount of energy into it—such facts as Dr. Barth states in regard to social legislation in general cannot be too often repeated. He says: "It has been repeatedly shown that it is impossible to give the laborer legislative assistance except at his own cost. It usually comes to pass in legislation of this kind that the laborer has to pay for all kinds of subsidiary objects, either in personal freedom or in the producing power of his labor."

F. ANGELL.

LIEPZIG, December 18.

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Notes.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS have in preparation 'The Tailor-Made Girl,' society dialogues from *Puck* by Philip H. Welsh; and a study of the conditions in which Mormonism took its origin, by J. H. Kennedy, editor of the *Western Magazine of American History*.

'Shakspere in Fact and in Criticism,' by Appleton Morgan, is in the press of Benjamin & Bell.

T. A. Trollope's 'What I Remember' will be issued in this country by the Messrs. Harper, as will Smiles's 'Life and Labor, or the Characteristics of Industry, Culture, and Genius.' They announce, too, 'Mr. Absalom Billingslea, and Other Georgia Folk,' by Col. R. M. Johnston; and a series of "English Classics for School Reading," edited by Dr. William J. Rolfe.

W. S. Gottsberger announces 'Leon Roch,' a romance by B. Perez Galdós, from the Spanish by Clara Bell, in two volumes, and a new translation of 'Paul and Virginia,' also by Clara Bell.

Thomas Whittaker issues this month 'Readings and Prayers in aid of Private Devotion,' by Bishop Clark of Rhode Island; 'A Manual of Church History,' by Rev. Arthur Charles Jennings, author of 'Ecclesia Anglicana'; and 'An Exposition of the Apostles' Creed,' by the Rev. John Eyre Yonge.

Ticknor & Co., Boston, announce for immediate publication 'Queen Money,' a new novel by the author of 'The Story of Margaret Kent'; 'Looking Backward; 2000-1887,' by Edward Bellamy; 'Under the Southern Cross,' by Maturin M. Ballou; 'Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.,' being the fifth of the "Monographs of American Architecture," a portfolio containing 22 gelatine views and 1 heliochrome, 13x16 inches; and a 'Decennial Index of Illustrations in the *American Architect and Building News*,' 1876-85.

Henry Stevens & Son, London, issue this month 'Johann Schöner, Professor of Mathematics at Nuremberg: a Reproduction of his Globe of 1523, Long Lost,' etc., with new translations and notes on the globe by the late senior member of the firm, and a bibliography by C. H. Coote of the British Museum.

A new "Library of Philosophy" is to be undertaken by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. The first title on the list is 'Sensationalists: Locke to Mill,' by W. S. Hough, Ph.M., of Michigan, who will also produce, by way of introduction to the Library, a translation of Erdmann's 'History of Philosophy,' in three volumes, whose appearance is set down for October. The general editor of the Library is J. H. Muirhead, M.A.

The Century Co. has issued in beautiful form the first volume of the War Papers of its magazine, doing everything to make it attractive which large pages, clear type, good paper, and excellent printing can do. As the papers originally appeared, no chronological order was observed; but in the book form they are so arranged as to make a consecutive history, beginning with the bombardment of Sumter. New papers have been added to the series to supply vacancies and to bind the whole into one narrative, so that a considerable percentage of the volume is new matter. We have frequently expressed our high estimate of the value of the series, and little more can be added except to say that the exceptionally high character has been maintained to the end. The novel scheme of printing side by side the story of battles and movements as told by men of opposite sides who participated in them, was a delicate experiment, but has proved a great success. Union and Confederate soldiers have told their remembrances in a generous spirit, and the presentation of both sides has never degenerated into controversy or lost its dignity. The tone has, in fact, been so cordial that it most resembles that of a group of comrades comparing their memories with mutual respect and good-fellowship.

A Boston lady has induced T. Y. Crowell & Co. to reprint from their Tolstoi volume, 'Ivan Ilyitch,' the short story, "Where Love Is, There Is God Also"—a touching exemplification of "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," etc. A pretty tract in white and gold is the result.

A little book by Helen Ekin Starrett (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) is called 'Letters to Elder Daughters, Married and Unmarried,' and is full of good advice and wholesome suggestion about housekeeping, home comforts and influences, occupation for women, etc. Two most sensible chapters are entitled respectively, "Household Decoration" and "The Relative Importance of Things." Thoughtful and liberal are those on "Women's Clubs" and "The Superior Woman." Almost the only idea advanced which seems to us mistaken is that of the desirability of banishing from the houses, at any rate of people of moderate income, both cook and cooking. But surely it is better to have "the household fires burn warm and bright" in kitchen as well as parlor; for not only do we want the means of ready hospitality, of consulting private preference, and of giving some individuality to the home-table, but also our daughters need to keep their opportunities for practical education; and then again, in sickness how can we spare the home-kitchen?

Another little book which has come to our notice is 'A Bundle of Letters to Busy Girls on Practical Matters' (Funk & Wagnalls). Miss Grace Dodge has written it and dedicated it to her "Dear Friends and Fellow-members of the 38th St. Working-Girls' Society." As may be inferred from the author's name, and from the title and dedication, it has a practical and not in the least a literary aim. The plain talks in it go straight to the point without mincing matters, and are such as must do a great deal of good to those for whom they are designed. It is hard to particularize any portions when all are so good; still, mention might be made of a chapter on "Men Friends—Prospective Husbands and Wives," and of another on "Marketing and Food." They are clear, forcible, important. In her introduction, the author expresses a wish that her book might lead to gatherings of young women for familiar talks similar to those which she has epitomized in it. It ought to do good, and should be widely disseminated.

We bespeak a wide reading for Gen. Francis A. Walker's paper on "Arithmetic in the Boston Schools" in the Syracuse *Academy* for January. The evil he attacks (and it is by no means local) is very great, and the only way of reducing the makers of text-books to reason is that adopted by the School Board of Boston in its prescriptions as set forth by Gen. Walker. We observe with pleasure that the new volume of the *Academy*, which begins with the February number, is to be enlarged for the third time, with a proper increase in the price of subscription. As the editor truly remarks, "These three successive enlargements may be accepted as an indication that there is a field for just such a journal as the *Academy*, . . . devoted solely to the interests of secondary teachers and their work." The *Academy* offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best essay on "Science in Secondary Schools." "Contestants must confine themselves simply to practical exposition of results sought, and of the means of attaining these results in the school-room." Literary merit will be a subordinate consideration. The essay must not exceed 5,000 words, must be signed with a fictitious name, and must reach the office of the *Academy* not later than March 15, 1888.

The *American Meteorological Journal* for December contains a contribution to the literature of the supposed increase in rainfall upon the Plains, but it cannot be said that it is a contribution to our knowledge of the subject. The author, Mr. Harrington, who is one of the editors of the magazine, finds, by a comparison of two rainfall maps of different dates, that the later one places the lines of equal rainfall further to the westward upon the Plains than the earlier one does, and argues therefrom that the rainfall has increased. He even builds higher upon this foundation of sand, and evolves the rate at which the rainfall of this region is increasing. Had Mr. Harrington been aware that these rainfall maps are but crude generalizations from insufficient and contradictory data, that there is often no good reason, beyond the judgment of the maker, for drawing a line of equal rainfall in one place rather than in another, fifty or a hundred miles away, as is perfectly well known to those who have constructed such maps, he would have displayed more caution in his conclusions. If we add that the maps which he used were the Blodget map, published thirty years ago, and now universally discredited, and the Dennison map, which was published to sell, the worthlessness of his conclusions becomes apparent.

Genealogical Queries for 1888 (Newport: R. H. Tilley) is in the printer's hands.

The *American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac* for 1888 (Scovill Manufacturing Co.) is a solid volume of 329 pages, with a generous addition of advertisements, not inferior in interest to the text. The illustrations, as in last year's issue, are examples of a variety of "processes," with a promising new photolithograph among them. The frontispiece landscape study, a photogravure by Obernetter of Munich, is an exceptionally fine performance.

Routledge's Almanack for 1888 is a close approach to the indispensable *Whitaker's*, differing from the latter in such a way as to supplement it usefully. Not containing so much matter, its print is larger. The arrangement of its main sections is convenient, being alphabetical, as, Amusements in and about London; Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces; Art of the Year; Banking, Finance, etc.; Colonies and India; Commerce and Trade; Ecclesiastical; Educational and Scholastic Establishments; Foreign Countries, and so on to Science and Sports and Pastimes. The editor apologizes for crudities and errors in a first venture, and asks for corrections. We may notice, then, that Mr. Manning's successor in the United States Treasury has been overlooked, and that Mr. Lamar's second initial is transformed from Q into O.

Recent events give unusual interest to the *Hawaiian Almanac and Annual* for 1888 (Honolulu: Thos. G. Thrum). The preliminary tables are followed by the present Constitution of the Hawaiian Kingdom, "subscribed and sworn to by His Majesty" on July 6, 1887, with its "Whereas, the Constitution of this Kingdom heretofore in force contains many provisions subversive of civil rights, and incompatible with enlightened Constitutional Government," etc. The revolution which led to this is briefly described under the Retrospect for the Year.

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The literary articles offer nothing striking this year.

Armand Colin & Cie., Paris, send us the fourth issue of their *Annuaire de l'Enseignement Primaire*, edited by M. Jost, Inspector-General of Public Instruction. It is a plump pocket volume, with abundant statistics. The personnel is particularly well recorded, and we have also a chronological summary of official decrees and other documents pertaining to primary instruction for the school year 1886-87, other decrees in full, list of medallists, prescribed text-books, etc. These sections are followed by contributed articles on sundry topics, such as the Teacher's Position Abroad (part of a series); Overpressure in the Primary School; Recitation in the same; What We See in the Heavens (an illustrated familiar discourse on astronomy); Literary Instruction in the Upper Primary School; Music in the School Course; Geographical Review for the Year; Progress of Science, Obituary, Bibliography, etc., etc. Where in this country should we look for the analogue of this capital little publication?

The latest international yacht contest is commemorated in one of those handsome volumes published on occasion by the Boston city fathers —'A Testimonial to Charles J. Paine and Edward Burgess, from the City of Boston, for their Successful Defence of the *America's* Cup.' The account of the municipal reception to owner and designer of the *Volunteer* in Faneuil Hall is preceded by a very convenient history of the Anglo-American races from that at Cowes in 1851 down. But admirable above all is the rich series of illustrations, mostly photographic, showing the Cup, the *America*, *Puritan*, *Genesta*, *Mayflower*, *Galatea*, *Volunteer*, and *Thistle*, Faneuil Hall decorated for the reception, etc., with portraits of Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess engraved on steel. This comparison of the craft—in one instance during a race—is very instructive, and we suppose is to be had nowhere else.

Ten more parts of the condensed Universal History issued by Grote at Berlin, under the editorship of Flathe, Hertzberg, Justi, Pflugk-Harttung, and Philippson, come to us from B. Westermann & Co. These numbers, 70-79, deal partly with Vandals, Visigoths and Burgundians, and the German states erected within the Roman Empire, and partly with the Thirty Years' War and the succeeding European epoch. The authoritative text is, as usual, enriched with a large number of authentic engravings, contemporary where possible, and including portraits, facsimiles of official documents, caricatures, etc., battle scenes, manners of the times, coins, armor, maps, etc., etc. The mechanical execution throughout is admirable.

Another first-class work, the 'Allgemeine Naturkunde' (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut), we receive from the same American house in Parts 79-107. In these are concluded vol. ii of the Descriptive Geology and vol. i of the Plant Life, while Dr. Friedrich Ratzel's Ethnology is continued, largely with reference to Africa. Here again the illustrations greatly enhance the value of the publication. Among the chromolithographs we remark one showing the autumn coloring on Lake Erie.

The announcement is authoritatively made that there is at length a prospect of a complete and correct edition of the Masora. The firm of Romm in Wilna (publishers of the splendid edition of the Babylonian Talmud recently brought out) have in hand a new edition of the so-called great Rabbinical Bible, to which Dr. Seligman Baer (well known as the colaborer of Prof. Franz Delitzsch in the publication of the best edition of the Hebrew Bible) has undertaken to furnish the Masora. The arrangement adopted will be the same as in Jacob-ben-'Hayyim's edition, with this exception, that wherever a word occurs for the first time, there all that is Masoretic in regard to it will be given; so that, by the help of a Concordance, any particular rubric will be readily traced. The first part of the manuscript is already in the printer's hands. Ever since the sharp review by Dr. Baer of Ginsburg's edition of the Masora, in the fortieth volume of the *Journal* of the German Oriental Society, it has been expected that Dr. Baer would undertake this work. It is generally agreed that Dr. Ginsburg's work is poorly edited, and so unscientifically arranged as to be of little practical use.

Mr. Isaac Myer, 209 S. 6th St., Philadelphia, is about issuing to subscribers 'The Philosophical Writings of Solomon Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol, or Avicebron, and their Connection with the Hebrew Qabbalah and Sepher haz-Zohar,' etc., etc. Only 350 copies will be printed, from type.

The land question has never been settled in the case of the Crown peasants of the Transcaucasian territory; and before setting about this important task the Ministry of Imperial Domains decided to investigate extensively the actual economical condition of the peasants on Crown lands in that region. This investigation was undertaken in 1884, and is now completed. It was conducted chiefly by natives of the country who had received special technical instruction, and each settlement was handled separately. The results have been printed at Tiflis in seven huge volumes, containing invaluable materials for the study of life in one of the least known districts of the Russian realm. Among other curious facts thus brought to light are some connected with a community of land which has always been supposed to be peculiar to Slavic and chiefly Great-Russian tribes. But it now appears that the same system, on a higher scale, exists among the natives of Transcaucasia, with a singular tendency to parcel out the land with an eye to the greatest profit of the poorer portion of the community. The "Tens" (*dagi*) are voluntary associations of householders, which are formed either every year or when a fresh partition of the land takes place. They take their land in common and afterwards parcel it out among their members, enjoying the privileges of irrigation together and acting as a unit in the matter of taxes, police duty for the settlements, and so on. As nothing will grow without artificial irrigation, the question of water-rights presented a difficult problem, which the natives have solved by devising a very complicated system of water administration.

—The January *Century* opens the new volume with the usual variety of light and serious prose, but the number itself is an unusually good example of the fixed type, and offers a fair occasion for congratulation upon the character of our most popular magazines. Several articles are of a high order, but among them four at least should be singled out. The Russian paper by George Kennan describes the state of the provincial prisons. The incurable barbarism of the system is well brought out. The degradation in material matters, the cruelty inflicted on such of the prisoners as have mind or feeling to suffer as men or women, and the means of secret communication by the knock and figure alphabets, are the substantial topics. It is not surprising that, as we learn from the press despatches, these pages are blotted out by the Russian censor of the foreign mails. The instalment of the Lincoln biography is concerned with the formation of the Cabinet and the first conferences in the White House about Fort Sumter, and contains several interesting unpublished documents. The economy which should be practised in the matter of food is treated by Professor Atwater, but without any fresh suggestion. The character of Ruskin, whose portrait is the frontispiece of the number, is treated with great frankness and after an heroic fashion by Mr. Stillman, who has little opinion of him as an art critic, but regards his moral and humanitarian nature with what can only be called veneration. His wounds, whatever else may be said of them, are those of a faithful friend, and he publishes a letter written many years ago to him by Ruskin which is an admirable expression of helpful friendship. The paper upon the Catacombs by Dr. Schaff is a good illustration of the circumstances and spirit of early Christianity in the days of its simple poverty; the two sketches of travel in the West are entertaining; and Mr. Cable's novel easily leads the fiction, of which there is sufficient. An interesting letter upon Hawthorne's patriotism concludes the number. This is a list which, if not eminent for literature, is eminent for usefulness.

—The Modern Language Association held its fifth annual Convention in the chapel of the University of Pennsylvania on December 28, 29, and 30. There was present a large delegation representing the leading universities, colleges, and schools of the country. The University of Pennsylvania welcomed the Convention in a reception given the first evening, at which Dr. Pepper, the Provost, made the address, followed by Prof. MacAllister, who discussed the place of modern literature in the education of our time. In the absence of James Russell Lowell, the President, Dr. Garnett of the University of Virginia, Prof. Joynes of the University of South Carolina, and Prof. Morgan Hart of the University of Cincinnati, successively presided at the sessions. A committee was appointed to present a memorial to Congress asking for a remission of taxes on foreign books. Another committee was appointed to organize a phonetic section of the Association. The papers read at the several sessions were —by Prof. Tolman of Ripon College, on the Style of Anglo-Saxon Poetry; by Prof. White of Cornell, on the Modern-Language Seminary System; by Prof. Lang, on the Face in the Spanish Metaphor and Proverb; by Prof. Primer, on Charleston's Pronunciations; by Dr. Wood of Johns Hopkins, on the Brief or Pregnant Metaphor in the Minor Elizabeth an Dramatists; by Prof. Fortier of Tulane University, La., on Louisiana Folk-lore; by Prof. Kroeh of Stevens Institute, on Methods of Teaching Modern Languages; by Prof. Karsten of Indiana University, on Speech Unities; by Prof. Collitz of Bryn Mawr, on the Weak Verbs; by Prof. Sheldon of Harvard, on the Canadian French Dialect in Maine; by Dr. Goebel of Johns Hopkins, on Paul's Principien; by President Shepherd of the College of Charleston, on Macaulay's English; by Prof. Smyth of Philadelphia, on American Literature in the Class-room; by Dr. Bright of Johns Hopkins, on the English Curriculum in the University; by Prof. Elliott of Johns Hopkins, on the Earliest Works on Italian Grammar and Lexicography Published in England. Very great interest was shown in papers that gave the results of original investigations in living dialects, which Prof. Elliott of Johns Hopkins has done so much to promote. The hospitality of the University and the citizens of Philadelphia was characteristic of the City of Brotherly Love. Each day's sessions were relieved by receptions given by the Provost of the University at his residence, by the Uni

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versity, the Historical Society, and the Penn Club. The Association is now an established and flourishing institution, whose members represent the best scholarship of the country. Its Contributions enter on their third volume. So successful has been its organ, *Modern Language Notes*, that a Review has been projected to take its place among the leading quarterlies. The next Convention will be held in Cincinnati.

—Mr. H. T. Frueauff writes us from Easton, Pa.:

"Your article on the 'Book Trade in Germany' was exceedingly interesting, both to the trade in general and, no doubt, to your book-buying readers. While reading the review of the *Jahrbücher* article, I wondered whether you had seen and your German readers perused the exceedingly interesting romance called 'Eulen und Krebse,' by August Niemann, commenced in No. 3 of the *Neue Monatchefte des Daheim*. The plot of the story is centred in Leipsic, among the bookmakers and booksellers. Incidentally, a clear and interesting insight into the 'book world' of that greatest of book cities is woven into the story. As far as I know, no book has ever been written in any language with this object in view. No doubt many familiar with the German language will find much to interest them in 'Eulen und Krebse.'"

—Hollingbury Copse is "that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which has the honor of sheltering more record and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the great dramatist than are to be found in any other of the world's libraries." Thus Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps speaks on the title-page of his latest list of Shakspere rarities. In all former editions his claim is more moderate, saying, instead of "the world's libraries," *south of the metropolis*. This calendar of curiosities, lately printed "for private circulation and presents only," will have a charm for all Shaksperians. It is an octavo of 168 pages, and chronicles 805 memorabilia. The comments of the author add much to their significance. They indicate lines on which, as he remarks, "a large work could hardly fail to be welcome to the student" of Shakspere. His regret is that "the time occupied in gathering together the necessary artistic and literary material has practically excluded the collector himself from the opportunity of making an effective use of his accumulations." We hope better things. Mr. Phillipps is eleven years younger than Gladstone, has not a tithe of his disquiets, can never rest except when hard at work, does all his writing before noon, and some of it before light. He is still good for another *opus magnum*. The two hundred Shaksperian volumes of Mr. Phillipps, with other unique relics, as their possessor maintains, have cost more pains and perhaps pelf than would have been requisite for accumulating fifty thousand modern books on the works of the dramatist. *Ponderentur, non numerentur*. Aside from printed matter, the Hollingbury treasures are of the four following classes: (1.) Early engraved portraits of Shakspere, among which the Droeshout is easily preëminent. (2.) Authentic personal relics, such as the title-deeds of his estates in Stratford and of the Blackfriars theatre. (3.) Documentary evidences respecting his estates and individuals who are connected with his biography, such as autographs of Southampton and Essex, Sir Thomas Lucy, and John a' Combe. (4.) Artistic illustrations of localities connected with his personal history. In this last line neither the Bodleian nor the British Museum has anything worth speaking of. The Hollingbury display is unique aside from that at the birthplace, which owes its own existence to Mr. Phillipps.

—Our copy of Mr. Phillipps's curiosity Calendar, coming through the Post-office, was detained there till a customs duty was paid. But this book, like a hundred others by the same author, and a majority of those imported by American specialists, would never be reprinted in the United States. The tax then protects no American industry, unless perhaps the salary of here and there a customs officer who arbitrarily, at the port of landing, marks by guess the amount of duty. We say "arbitrarily," for on the same work we have sometimes paid a dollar tax and sometimes half-a-dollar. But while this tariff protects nobody, it is a tax on knowledge, and bears hard on our least lucrative profession, that of scholarly specialists. These are the men who send abroad, each in his own department, for the most advanced works—works too far advanced to be popular—and which therefore stand no chance of American republication. The best of these scholars are frequently not salaried professors, and are often hindered from ordering a book subject not only to a tax, but to one imposed at the caprice of an official a thousand miles away, and which, however illegal or unreasonable, they are not likely to get abated. Publishers ought not to be jealous of a little mercy shown to these students struggling to keep abreast of the times. With this view of things it was provided in the United States Postal Laws of 1879 (section 1135) that "collectors of customs may in their discretion remit duties on importations of single copies of books of less dutiable value than one dollar, when such books are intended for the personal use of the addressees." Under this regulation we imported Skeat's 'Etymological Dictionary' as it was published number after number. Many students did likewise, and by their comments they no doubt doubled the sale of American editions when our publishers brought out the completed work. This law worked well in other ways more than we can now speak of. But in 1882 this system was broken up by the Secretary of the Treasury, who "instructed collectors that all books of whatever value, bound in stiff covers, or which are *usually* so bound, should be treated as dutiable at 25 per cent." (Postal Laws of 1882, p. 785.) We first became aware of this change when we sent for the 'Oxford Parallel New Testament,' a sort of Tetrapla that has never been reproduced in this country, and never will be, but which is invaluable, showing at the same time not only the Authorized and the Revised Versions, but the original of both. The book and the postage were costly, but the tariff was the last proverbial peppercorn.

—Mme. Boucicaut, the head of the great Parisian establishment of the Bon Marché, and the widow of M. Aristide Boucicaut, its founder, died last month at the age of seventy-two years, leaving her immense possessions in a manner which calls for special attention. No statement of the actual amount of her wealth has appeared—probably it cannot be even approximately estimated at present, so great is it; but the dispositions she made of it were of corresponding largeness, and deserve the widest admiration. A fortune laboriously and honorably accumulated has been generously scattered in a rain of the most liberal benefits. The Bon Marché, the largest and most successful of the great Parisian houses of which Zola's "Au Bonheur des Dames" was only a type, grew gradually out of the little shop which once occupied a very small part of the vast space now covered by the buildings of the great establishment into which it has developed, under the wise care of the two who began life there as small shopkeepers. Ten years ago M. Aristide Boucicaut died, but the Bon Marché continued to be conducted by the surviving proprietor according to the wise and generous plans that had been perfected during his lifetime, by which the employees, according to their position and the length of their services, shared in the profits of the establishment. About three hundred of these employees, who have gradually been associated with the proprietor, make up the *Société civile*, as it is called, of the Bon Marché. To this *Société civile du Bon Marché* Mme. Boucicaut has left the whole vast establishment, including the buildings and the land upon which they were erected, the whole valued at about $12,000,000. To the various employees of the Bon Marché, whether men or women, divided into classes according to their positions and length of service, she left legacies varying in amount from $200 to $2,000; and to the workmen and women of all kinds employed about the establishment, including mechanics, watchmen, and inspectors, divided also into classes in the same way, from $20 to $200. There are more than three thousand persons of the two classes, and the amount of these legacies alone is much beyond $3,000,000.

—Besides these great sums, she also leaves to the *Société civile* her favorite country residence at Fontenay-aux-Roses near Paris, valued at $200,000, to establish there a convalescent hospital and refuge in old age for the employees, and for its use an additional sum of more than $120,000. Her estate at Bellême, her husband's native place, together with a large sum of money, in all more than $120,000, she leaves for an asylum for the old women, and for the establishment of workshops for the young girls of the place. To two societies for the benefit of young workmen, and one for young workingwomen in Paris, she gives $400,000, and to five charitable associations of artists, musicians, actors, teachers, etc., and also to the "individualités souffrantes de la Presse parisienne," $120,000, in sums of $20,000 to each. Besides making the *Assistance publique* of Paris her residuary legatee, she leaves, beyond all these bequests, for other specified charitable purposes, more than $1,275,000, of which $100,000 is distributed among the "ministres des divers cultes reconnus en France," the Archbishop of Paris, the grand Rabbi of France, the presidents of the consistories of the confession of Augsburg and of the *Église réformée*, and the representative of the orthodox religious interests in Paris. These are not all her objects of interest even among what may be called her public bequests, for her numerous legacies to relatives and friends are not published; but they are enough to show the breadth and intelligence of her sympathies and the liberality of her mind as well as of her heart. It is not strange that there should have been an immediate proposal, upon the publication of this will, which so nobly crowns her life's labors, to erect a monument to Mme. Boucicaut in the square on which the buildings of the Bon Marché front. It was well said editorially in the *Temps* that she had considered not less carefully and ably the good works she left behind her than she had in life the direction of her commercial affairs; and this blending of worldly wisdom and "other-worldly" wisdom, this combination of intelligence of the head and of the heart, certainly deserves a long commemoration in one way or another. The *Temps* does Americans the honor to consider such a disposal of wealth acquired in one generation as an example of republican virtue the like of which has hitherto been witnessed only in America and England. We fear

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we have as yet nothing to compare with this example.

— About a year ago M. Henri Bouchot contributed to the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts" an admirably clear and concise study of 'Le Livre—L'Illustration—La Reliure'; and now we have before us 'The Printed Book: its History, Illustration, and Adornment, from the Days of Gutenberg to the Present Time,' translated and enlarged from M. Bouchot's volume by Mr. Edward C. Bigmore (New York: Scribner & Welford). The translation is fair to middling, neither better nor worse than the average; although a French sentence like "La maison Hachette, fondée par un des normaliens du mouvement libéral, au commencement du siècle, fut avec Lahure la promotrice du relief ainsi compris et pratiqué," is not adequately represented by this English sentence: "The house of Hachette, founded by one of the normal teachers of the liberal movement, at the beginning of the century, was, together with Lahure, the promoter of relief so inclusive [*sic*] and practical [*sic*]." Yet it is only fair to say that blundering of this sort is not frequent. The enlargement announced on the title-page consists in little more than the addition of a few English illustrations—in the double sense of the word. It would have been well and easy for the English translator to have enlarged the French author's meagre paragraph about commercial binding, the machine-stamped cloth-covering which the English early developed, and in which they are even now excelled only by the best American work. The translator's references to the United States are inadequate and ignorant, but good-natured and well-meaning. The cuts are not as carefully printed as in the original French book. But, making due allowance for these blemishes, 'The Printed Book' is one of the best volumes about the history of bookmaking now accessible in English; perhaps it is not too much to say that it is quite the best, for we do not know where to look for another book covering just the same field. It is to be noted in favor of the translator that he has supplied an index of sixteen columns.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S COLLECTED PAPERS.

Virginibus Puerisque, and Other Papers.—Memories and Portraits. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

THESE two volumes, with a third, 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books,' already noticed, contain the author's history, not in an explicit and formal way, as if he had deliberately set himself down to a narrative of his life and opinions, but as one may gather in conversation with some frank stranger the incidents and views which make his life and his soul his own. The world is not told, but the reader is allowed some degree of intimacy, or so it seems; and this is the secret of those felicitous essayists, the best fireside companions, who, talking of intellectual things, keep telling us something out of their own life by the way, and win our confidence by giving us their own. Mr. Stevenson is a lover of the old masters of the art, and rambles with the fashion of their gait; one feels often enough that he has not been long from Montaigne's company, or that he has left Hazlitt in the lane, as indeed he acknowledges, with a certain pride in the acquaintance and in the thought that he has studied their air. But the personal element, his own individuality, is there, too, and gives to these little papers, in spite of their remarkable unevenness in literary quality, the physiognomy of the author, as boy and man. He has one great characteristic of the good autobiographer in the fact that he is very interesting to himself; the things most closely connected with his own doings hold the next place; and everything else comes far behind. Those youthful papers which deal with generalities of life, are not to be used in denial of this preoccupation; youth is not less self-absorbed because it does not know enough to be specific. In his warm vindication of the claim of the young man to be as wise in his own generation as the declining Psalmist in his, and in the whimsies and paradoxes which he revolves about the subject of marriage in the very spirit of literary mischief, the self-assertion is only a lower degree of a decent kind of bumptiousness. He meant to present in these something that he could call "life at twenty-five"; but he grew old too soon to commit the deed outright, and so we get only a few specimens of his rawness, just enough to give a pleasing smartness to the taste.

Mr. Stevenson announces himself at once as a Scotchman by ancestry and tradition, by landscape, college, and humor, and by a certain physical toughness and wild-weather feeling, hard to define, which is never far to seek in his pages. His fancy, taking a cue from heredity, makes a queer excursion in the sketch of "The Manse," devoted to a kind, sharp portrait of his "minister-grandfather," in which he goes hunting for half-a-dozen of his ascendants in his own instincts and impulses, and knows not whether it is more strange that he should carry about with him some fibres of the old man, or that there was in the cool old clergyman an "aboriginal frisking of the blood that was not his," and that the primeval one, "Probably Arboreal (scarce to be distinguished from a monkey), gambolled and chattered in the brain of the old divine." It pleases him to be humorous about it, but he tells his ancestry on both sides, with interest in their lives and just pride in the stock. His memoir of his father has a clear truthfulness and honesty in it, and a certain solemnity which sets it apart curiously from the other papers; and there are no more pleasing passages than those which describe his vacation at the island of Earraid, when his father and uncle were building the light at Dhu Heartach, or which elsewhere show him as his father's son.

In depicting the characters of others who stood about him in his boyhood he not only succeeds in making them lifelike, but he lends his own appreciation to our eyes, and we see them by the help of his memories and associations. They are Scotchmen of the type known through the world. None is better than the figure of Robert Hunter, once Sheriff of Dunbarton, but "whether originally big or little" is more than the youth could guess. At the first knowing he was "all fallen away and fallen in; crooked and shrunken; buckled into a stiff waistcoat for support; troubled by ailments which kept him hobbling in and out of the room; one foot gouty; a wig for decency, not for deception, on his head; close-shaved, except under the chin, and for that he never failed to apologize, for it went sore against the traditions of his life." Two stories are told of him, not to be passed over, one, that, being a moderate in religion, he was much struck by a conversation between two young lads, revivalists. "'H'm,' he would say, 'new to me, I have had—h'm—no such experience.' It struck him," adds Mr. Stevenson, "with a solemn philosophical interest that he, a Christian as he hoped, and a Christian of so old a standing, should hear these young fellows talking of his own subject, his own weapons that he had fought the battle of life with, and—'h'm—not understand.'" The other story springs from his fondness for Shakspere, of whom he was very fond, "but *Othello* had beaten him: 'that noble gentleman, and that noble lady—h'm—too painful for me.'" This is very charming characterization, and when passages like these are found in a book, they will endear it though they be few. But in one single essay the author has drawn a sketch of the general Scotch nature, especially as contrasted with the English, in country, education, and temperament, which within its limits is as speaking a bit of national portraiture as one will meet with in a twelvemonth. Englishmen, he says, don't know Scotland and don't care to know; they are as indescribably ignorant of the sister kingdom as of foreign countries; and by contrast the Scotchman's wonder at England as a land of the south, an Italy to his Switzerland, with warmth and populousness, and a fuller and softened civilization, and the earth made habitable for a more refined race, is brought home with an ingenuousness not far removed from pathos.

But all this, delightful as much of it is, is no more than the atmosphere of these recollections and meditations, and is incidental; the subject of the story is really Mr. Stevenson, the romancer. He was born so, to dream for himself in boyhood, and after a time for the world. These volumes are full of anecdotes of early days, records of lonely hours and the moments that are remembered in sensitive persons as experiences, hours of friendship and days of adventuring, and many a tell-tale mood over books and in the face of life. Yet there is no obtrusive forwardness in the confessions, and, after finishing the reading, perhaps one does not remember very much that is worth keeping fresh, does not seem to know a great deal about events and persons such as would fill the stage in a biography, but he does feel that he knows the author very well indeed. Of one thing he is certain, and that is that Mr. Stevenson became a romancer as the grass grows. The glimpse of his childhood in his delightful paper upon the "Penny Plain and Two-pence Colored," that is, on the juvenile play-books for the toy theatre; the chapter upon a certain graveyard, between a prison and a hotel, and overlooking screaming railways, line on line, where, he says, "in the hot fits of youth I came to be unhappy"; the landscapes, the rock or shore or moorland which were always calling to his brain to restore to them their story; the sheep-dogs and the Pentlands; the nooks seen and remembered from the windows of railway carriages in foreign lands; the journeyings on foot with health, and the happiness of slow dying at Mentone—all these things are of a piece: whether normal or morbid, they are the stirrings of the imagination in youth. There is felt, too, incessantly the strong contact of life on the pulses and nerves, as well as its touch on the brain. In some degree the purely physical, the athletic side, seems dwelt on with an excess of fulness: particularly in what are easily distinguished as the essays of "life at twenty-five," there is the note of youth in the eulogy of living and in the doctrine to obey the impulse, cost what it will, and not to be afraid of Pan. An open, hearty nature, daring, and sentimental, and sound, anxious—perhaps over-anxious—to have its share in life, greets us from the pages, and makes us acquainted with the young man before he became an author in his own right, and was still making strong friendships with books, not always the best, one thinks, but always sincere. He tells us what six of these have lasted, and are the inner circle of his intimates now: Scott ("one or two" of the novels, but we trust this

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is a low estimate), Shakspere, Molière, Montaigne, 'The Egoist,' and the 'Vicomte de Bragelonne.' The list is one that provokes inferences, but let the reader draw them for himself; we have had our say once upon Mr. Stevenson's critical faculties, and once is quite enough. Now, his tastes are of interest as a merely personal matter. Evidently the reader of these six—shall we say men or books?—is most deeply interested in human character, in the play and the power of life; and from his remarks in this "Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's" and elsewhere it appears that he writes adventure because he enjoys incident and romance, and the picturesque in setting and action, just as genuinely and as unabashedly as when he was a boy and "a Jacobite would do," but "give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim."

It would be a pity if one of this literary temperament should not stand up and declare the faith that is in him and in mankind that a good story is a thing to be loved, though it grew up with as little regard to what is usual in life as Jack's beanstalk had for what is usual in beanstalks. Mr. Stevenson was a romantic boy; but just as maturity steals over the page, calming that turbulence of animal spirits and taming into a more becoming fashion the forward and somewhat pert rhetoric of the "twenty-five-year-older," so the romantic boy, with his starts and his enthusiasms and his "hot fits of youth," is slowly transmuted into the artist by that brooding of experience upon his life which now seems thought and again insight. He has a wide range of reflection, and his curiosity has travelled in many fields; but over and above that, helpful as it is, he likes to deal directly with the thing itself, and in his romance-reading and romance-writing he has come to an understanding for himself as to why men like to be entertained for an Arabian night, and why he plays the part of the entertainer, and neither the audience nor the showman is ashamed. It is a play, we know, that has run for a thousand and one nights, and it will still be going on when for him and for us all the lights are out; and what is the secret? It is not life; it is the art of depicting life. Mr. Stevenson knows and explains the difference between these two things, which cannot be confused, except through wilfulness or blindness, by any one who has tried his hand and got beyond the initial point of ignorance. He has many admirable sentences struck clear with the die of the workman who knows the craft in its intellectual laws as well as in its mechanical execution, by his mind as well as his hand. "A person or a character," he says, "is so much the better depicted as it rises clearer from material circumstance." He advises the young writer "in this age of the particular to remember the ages of the abstract, the great books of the past, the brave men that lived before Shakspere and before Balzac; and, as the root of the whole matter, let him bear in mind that his novel is not a transcript of life, to be judged by its exactitude, but a simplification of some side or point of life, to stand or fall by its significant simplicity."

All this was written before the issuing of the monthly encyclical from a leading novelist, and therefore Mr. Stevenson adds a special postscript with reference to him who has made himself the challenger in the lists—"one well worthy of mention, Mr. W. D. Howells; and none ever couched a lance with narrower convictions. His own work and those of his pupils and masters singly occupy his mind; he is the bond-slave, the zealot of his school; he dreams of an advance in art like what there is in science; he thinks of past things as radically dead; he thinks a thing can be outlived—a strange immersion in his own history! a strange forgetfulness of the history of the race!" And then, with well-chosen words of compliment, in which he takes the view advanced also in these columns long ago that Mr. Howells succeeded better in the days when he still tolerated his own imagination, he closes the volume of 'Memories and Portraits' with which this notice has principally been concerned, because it is the maturer and the richer of the two beyond any comparison, except of ripe with green though reddening fruit. The book itself is most attractive in its temper, most interesting in its personal anecdotes and touches of sentiment and enthusiasm, thoughtful when it touches upon serious things, and always entertaining; but most of all it gives pleasure by that indescribable intimacy which is the charm of its autobiographical passages.

THE DALMATIAN SHORE.

Dalmatia, the Quarnero, and Istria, with Cettigne in Montenegro and the Island of Grado. By T. G. Jackson, M.A., F.S.A., Honorary Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, architect, author of 'Modern Gothic Architecture.' 3 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co.

It would be hard to name a people who have followed the path of progress over more obstructions than the population which lines the eastern shore of the Adriatic. They have but a narrow strip of coast, sloping down from the crest of the Illyrian Alps to the sea, here a mile wide, there expanding to a score or two. The land is inhospitable—white and stony, with patches of thin soil and scanty vegetation, and ill supplied with water. Its one natural advantage is in its indented shore line, on which lie nearly all the good harbors of the Adriatic, with spots of lowland or practicable slopes for the lodgment of towns, and bold and land-locked anchorages, joined by long reaches of quiet water which the outlying islands shelter from the waves of the open sea.

It is to her harbors and not to her lands that Dalmatia has owed what prosperity she has had. Greek and Roman maritime colonies founded her cities; their flourishing time was that of the Roman Empire; their interval of good fortune in the middle ages was when they were allowed, and were content, to carry on their commerce quietly under the guardianship of Venice. Such revival as they have had in our day has come with the order maintained and the commercial activity stimulated under the too paternal government of Austria. No communities ever had more need of tranquillity and union against outside aggression; but these conditions have been lacking since the fall of the Roman Empire. Union they have never sought; tranquillity they have never maintained. Cities as close as Trau and Spalato, when not forced into union by pressure of common enemies, could not get along without flying at each other, and outside aggression was never wanting. The barbarian invasions of the seventh century swept away the accumulations of Roman civilization. When the wasted cities began to recover, what with the equivocal protection of the Byzantine Empire, the maritime jealousy and encroachments of Venice, the depredations of pirates, the aggressions of Servia, Croatia, and Bosnia, the long arm of the kings of Hungary, the incursions of Saracens and Turks, the wonder is that any commerce and any opportunity for growth were left. Indeed, the history of these cities is a catalogue of invasions, spoliations, destructions by foreign enemies or vindictive friends, varied by quarrels between city and city, and the natural calamities of fire, pestilence, and earthquake.

To their difficulties of position has been added the embarrassment of a dual nationality. In Roman days the population was comparatively homogeneous, and after the cities had been swept away by the Avars and Slavs, the men who rebuilt them were still the old Latin or Dalmatian race, Italian by instinct, education, civilization, and language. To our day in most of the towns the Latin element has preponderated. From Italy have come their arts, their forms of government, their dress, their jurisprudence. They have spoken the Italian tongue, imported their teachers, their architects, many of their rulers and clergy, from Italy. On the other hand, the Slavs—Croats and Serbs—who from the tenth century have had possession of the interior, soon crowded about the cities, filtering into the population, and becoming a more or less considerable element of it, and, in the most southern of them, Ragusa and Cattaro, even becoming predominant. Yet they have by preference occupied the outlying territory of the various cities, living as peasantry on the ridges and slopes behind and between them. These two elements have survived side by side and distinct—the Latins, assimilated to the people of western Europe in civilization, the progressive, constructive part of the population, cosmopolitan in feeling, bearing the burden of commerce, civilization, and law; the Slavic, affiliated to their inland and eastern neighbors, intensely national, picturesque, martial, turbulent, providing apparently most of the hot water in which their country has spent its life.

Under these conditions the cities of the Dalmatian coast have kept up their struggle for existence during a thousand years. Their history has been insignificant because, with a genius for disintegration equal to that of the ancient Greeks, they have never even attempted to form a nation. Yet this history is made interesting by their unflagging effort to keep each by each their independence. Unable to stand alone, joined mostly to Venice by their common commercial instinct and by her preponderance, they were constantly snatched from her by some powerful neighbor, or revolting and shifting from one power to another as either seemed to give them better protection or more freedom, always with an eye to their own autonomy. Ragusa alone succeeded in maintaining herself apart as a curiously aristocratic republic from the beginning of the fifteenth century till Napoleon snuffed her out at the beginning of the nineteenth; and after him, like the others, she fell under the power of Austria.

The details of this history are abundantly set forth in Mr. Jackson's volumes. It is a tangled story, the product evidently of laborious research. If it errs, it is on the side of fulness. The general narrative is necessarily condensed, and the details overload it, at some cost of clearness and emphasis. But, for a pioneer history, this is to err on the right side. The plan of the book, including a general sketch of the country and its history, followed by an itinerary and detailed study of the principal towns, leads necessarily to some iteration, which, however, is no disadvantage to a reader who is not impatient, for it tends to fix and accentuate his recollection of a difficult and intricate subject. The art of Dalmatia and its neighbors takes most of Mr. Jackson's attention. It is pretty much all in the keeping of the Church, or rather churches (for the Latin and Greek churches divide the population between them), and is mainly architecture, though with a good store

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of church furniture and the indispensable relics; the silversmith's work being especially noteworthy. It is described with an intelligent, even professional, minuteness which makes it the most thorough account of Dalmatian art that can be found, we believe, and will yield great satisfaction to readers whose interest has been stimulated by Mr. Freeman's suggestive sketches.

The art of this country is almost as intricate a study as its history. The Roman architecture is, of course, perfectly distinct; but except the remains at Spalato and at Pola, which are well known, scarcely anything exists, and nothing of importance. Eitelberger, indeed, in his book on the monuments of Dalmatia, argues *à priori* that the possession of abundant remains of Roman work must have had great effect in giving form to later Dalmatian architecture, and maintains also that "one finds everywhere, even in the mediæval buildings, the influence of the Roman prototypes"; but except for Spalato, where by an unparalleled chance the Roman structures have been preserved and used to this day, the published examples seem to us to show no more traces of Roman influence than lingered everywhere in the south of Europe. Our impression is that the Church of the monastic epoch, the mother of mediæval architecture, looked upon Roman buildings with abhorrence, and the singular way in which the great Church of San Donato at Zara is built on random heaps of Roman fragments contemptuously tossed together into foundations, seems to show that there was no reverence for it at that time in Dalmatia. That time was apparently the beginning of the ninth century; and there are no older monuments of Christian art in Dalmatia itself. For pure early Byzantine work we must look to Istria, where the well-known basilica of Parenzo is quite worthy of a place in Ravenna.

The succeeding period of Byzantine rule has left only a few rude later churches like San Donato, records of the efforts of an impoverished people to renew their worship. The more ambitious architecture begins with the transfer of sovereignty to Venice in the twelfth century, when a new season of prosperity had set in. The Dalmatian towns retained something of Byzantine detail in all their later building; but the intermittent supremacy of Hungary, and the admixture, in some towns the predominance, of a Slavic population, introduced other influences, so that the art of Dalmatia as it comes down to us is an intricate compound of Byzantine, Italian, German, and Slavic elements. As the chief civilizing influence was that of the Latin half of the population, and as the prevalent sovereignty, on the whole, was that of Venice, so the prevailing character of the architecture is always Italian, and yet it is often not Venetian. The Cathedral of Zara, consecrated in 1285, when Venetian influence was paramount, has a façade that might almost have been imported from Pisa or Lucca, and a plan that might be Lombard or German; the Cathedral at Sebenico is of two periods of almost pure Venetian architecture; that at Trau, built chiefly by a Florentine bishop under Hungarian rule, has a porch of very Tuscan character, perhaps the most beautiful architectural feature in Dalmatia, while the eastern end is so German as to provoke Mr. Jackson to parallel it with the church at Ják in Hungary. The great bell-tower at Spalato, built also by the Hungarians, is a curious mixture of Romanesque and belated classic, although ascribed to the fourteenth century. The adjoining cathedral, which is well known as one of the temples, or more probably the mausoleum, of Diocletian's palace, has a pair of magnificent doors, and a rich pulpit of pure Romanesque work, which elsewhere one would unhesitatingly assign to the twelfth century, but the doors bear date 1214; the choir-stalls, which Mr. Jackson classes with them, are backed with a lattice of spool-work apparently copied from Cairo. Indeed, what with the eclectic habits and shifting rulers of the Dalmatians, who had no native artistic traditions, and the modifying tendency to cling to old forms which belongs especially to provincial peoples, the chronological order of Dalmatian art is exceedingly hard to follow. There is, on the whole, in the larger work less of Byzantine character than we might look for; but in the fittings of the churches, in the carvings and smaller objects, and most of all in the silversmith's work, it is recognizable at all periods.

Mr. Jackson has excellent qualifications for his work. He is a scholar, understands the languages which bear on the work, and has the instinct of research, as well as, we should think, good historical judgment. He is an architect, knowing the history of art and of styles, and an admirable draughtsman. How good a draughtsman he is may be seen by comparing some of his drawings, which are facsimiled in his book, with plates of the same subjects in Eitelberger's 'Dalmatia,' and in that writer's contributions to the 'Kunstdenkmale des Oesterreichischen Kaiserstaates.' We notice some differences which illustrate the unaccountable variations of testimony that appear between apparently careful witnesses even where the original fact must, it would seem, be perfectly definite; in these cases Mr. Jackson's drawings, it is fair to say, carry the greater appearance of veracity. He writes simply and agreeably. The slight story of travel which unites his architectural descriptions is fresh and entertaining, without being obtruded, and he has a knack of using words that set forth with happy distinctness the impression or form he wishes to present.

This book, and Mr. Butler's 'Coptic Churches,' which we noticed some time ago, are contributions of real value to history in little known fields of architecture and its kindred arts. The growing interest of Englishmen in the Levant makes them timely. Mr. Freeman's enthusiasm had already lent attraction to the towns of Dalmatia. In the light of Mr. Jackson's pictures, one wonders how long it will be before the fleet of English yachts that rove about the Mediterranean will find out the charms of her inland waters and picturesque coast, and the English tourist be busy raising the prices and spoiling the wines of her inns.

THE ANTE-BELLUM SOUTH.

Memorials of a Southern Planter. By Susan Dabney Smedes. Baltimore: Cushings & Bailey.

Southern Silhouettes. By Jeannette H. Walworth. Henry Holt & Co.

THOMAS SMITH DABNEY, the memorials of whose life are presented as above by his daughter, was born of a well-known Virginian family in 1798, was reared and educated after the Virginian manner of the time, won local prominence early in life, and was so highly esteemed by his neighbors that when, in 1835, he decided to emigrate to Mississippi, it is easy to see, even at this distance, through the grotesque rhetoric of the orators at the dinner given in his honor, that there was sincere sorrow in the community that so good a man should go away. And his friends in Mississippi had reason to congratulate themselves (and the State, which was never forgotten on congratulatory occasions) that so upright a man had come among them. He bought a plantation there, whereto his family and slaves were removed; and there they made their home till the slaves were freed and the fallen fortunes of the family scattered its members. Mr. Dabney was a brave man in his poverty, and a charming dignity crowned his old age. His last years were spent with his daughters in Baltimore, where he died in 1885.

The life of a Southern planter that covered so long a period gives a chance for as interesting a picture of old Southern manners as the writer of any recent book has had. And in truth there is in this volume nothing of the straining after something "typical" of that old life with which readers of books nowadays who know something of what old Southern life was, have become painfully familiar. Mrs. Smedes's own recollections, and the facts got from friends and kinspeople and from letters, are material in abundance, and the career of her father was sufficiently "typical" to satisfy the most insatiate yearning for types. She tells the story of his life well enough to make a good sketch of the man, who was worth knowing on his own account, and a good picture of Southern civilization in the time of slavery. All who are interested to get a knowledge of what that civilization was, will find this one of the most helpful of recent books, and for this reason it has even an historical value.

But its value is less than it would have been if Mrs. Smedes had been able to rid herself of the feeling that, incidentally at least, she must vindicate the slaveholder (to use a word of the politicians). A Southern critic must ask leave here to remind other Southern writers than Mrs. Smedes that, from a literary point of view and for all the healthful uses of literature, vindication, in this sense, is a simple confession of narrowness of artistic vision. Throughout this volume, for instance, grotesque emphasis is laid on the fact that Thomas Dabney was a kind master, and that most Southern masters were kind. The reader would find relief if one brute should come into view who took his pastime with horsewhips and bloodhounds. Yet no one could read the record of such a life as this and imagine that the man was a cruel master; and nobody now needs to be informed that all Southern planters did not maltreat their slaves, or even that the maltreatment of slaves brought discredit on a man. It is a misfortune that Mrs. Smedes has recollection of the controversial aspect of subjects she must touch, for this controversial tradition makes a bad artistic blemish in an interesting narrative. The result is, she uses her chance ill to give the descriptive parts of her book the charm that every book descriptive of that life must have, or fail in one important respect—she shows too little appreciation of its cheerful phases or of its humor. The old Southern planter had his full share of dignity in his way, no doubt, but he likewise had a good share of cheerfulness. He enjoyed life keenly and he knew the art of adding to the enjoyment of others. A moralist could even find historical ground for condemning him for his jollity. But tradition, helped greatly by his Southern biographers, has so emphasized his dignity (or his pomposity), even in his pleasures, that one of the cheerfulest types of men we have bred seems likely to be regarded, almost before his mirth is ended, as a man of painful and dangerous dignity. Mr. Dabney surely was a cheerful man, and we are told so in these memorials; but the pages of the book have not caught the joyousness of his life.

While there is no good reason to think that dialect, either of the negro or of the illiterate whites, is necessary for the portrayal of the

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cheerful side of Southern life and its humor, yet it is true that, with one important exception presently to be noticed, only those Southern writers who have written in dialect, such as Mr. Harris and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, or about gawky countrymen, of whom Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnson is easily the best, have made true descriptions of ante-bellum manners. For some reason, whether a lack of humor or a desire to "vindicate" somebody be the true reason or not, those who have set out to write serious books have ended by writing very solemn ones; and Mrs. Smedes has fallen, even if not deeply, into this pit. Mr. Dabney was not a great man, nor does she say that he was, but she tells insignificant incidents of his life in a way that tempts you to remind her that he was not a great man, and to ask her whether he were not sometimes undignified, or even frivolous.

Nor are there glimpses enough of the life about him. Little is said of his neighbors, and nothing of what they did or what they thought. Insight is seldom given into the influences that shaped his life, and, but for the geographical names, the book might be about an Australian instead of an American. There is an insufficient background, and this lack leaves a feeling of incompleteness. In 'Uncle Remus,' for instance, one meets "Miss Sally," and becomes aware of the sparsely settled country, the occupations of the different classes of people, and the very furniture of the cabin. The range of the thought of the white folks is reflected in the old man's rhetorical figures, and the little boy that listens shows, by his occasional questions, all the characteristic influences of life in the "big house." There is nothing analogous to this in these 'Memorials.' The man is removed from the people about him, and, instead of getting an insight into life on a Mississippi plantation, the reader is puzzled to know how so sympathetic and kind a man had so little to do with his neighbors. Few persons are met in the book other than the members of his family and the distinguished men he entertained.

The very quality that Mrs. Smedes's 'Memorials of a Southern Planter' lacks is the distinguishing quality of Mrs. Walworth's sketches. 'Southern Silhouettes' is not a narrative nor a description that has the unity of a biography, but a group of pictures of more or less heterogeneous phases of old Southern life, written to be read one at a time as they appeared in the *Evening Post*. This volume, therefore, lacks something of the serious value and of the serious purpose of the other; but it lacks also the other's solemnity. The pictures are clearly and daintily drawn, and they are truthful even in their humor. The reader becomes acquainted with the whole neighborhood, and the neighborhood was the unit of Southern life, and yet is. There is no interesting person within the acquaintance of the people in the book who does not find occasion, naturally if not always gracefully, to come within the circle of the reader's knowledge. As sketches, these 'Silhouettes' come as near to the carrying out of Mrs. Walworth's purpose as sketches can; and her aim, as she explains it, is, as "one who was part and parcel of the old order of things in the South," to "put on record the story of a day that is dead."

THE ORIGIN OF MYTHS.

Myth, Ritual, and Religion. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 1887. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xvi, 340; vii, 373.

THE work before us is the last stage of a series of brilliant studies scattered through periodical and encyclopædia, some of which have been collected in 'Custom and Myth,' and all of which are links that the deft hand of the writer has here forged into a strong and compact chain of argument. A subject of the most serious thought, which has occupied the attention of philosophers and scholars for centuries, is here treated in the most serious manner, but with that remarkable clearness and literary skill, characteristic of the author, which makes these volumes delightful as well as profitable reading.

The object of the work is no less a one than to account for some of the peculiar features of religion and mythology which have puzzled man from the moment he began to reason at all about these matters. The cruel, obscene, and wholly irrational elements which abound in mythology have been explained in various ways from the time of Socrates down, but no system, until Mr. Lang's, has been invented which is of universal application, or which is not inconsistent with itself. The symbolical and the philological methods of interpretation have found most favor in our day, and the latter has been peculiarly fortunate in having for its advocates such scholars as Max Müller, Kuhn, Cox, and De Gubernatis, who have presented the results of their studies in a form attractive to a wide circle of readers. Neither method has produced satisfactory results. The partisans of the philological system of explanation are not agreed among themselves on the most fundamental principles; they resolve all mythology into a description of the phenomena of nature; but while some are inclined to consider the recurrence of day and night as the phenomena in question, others make the strife of the elements the basis of myths. This system, besides being of limited application (the myths of the Aryan peoples alone lending themselves to the comparative philological method), is full of absurdity when carried to its logical results. The "solar myth" theory has been applied in turn to the general mythology of the Aryan peoples, to their epic poetry and popular tales (Cox), and, finally, to their zoölogy and botany (De Gubernatis); but in some of its fields the theory has utterly broken down before the light of recent discoveries, and the inconsistencies of which it is guilty at its best long ago brought it into disrepute among scholars.

The system propounded in Mr. Lang's work, like all others, reflects the spirit of the age. Just as the philological method grew out of the revival of the study of language caused by the rediscovery of Sanskrit by European scholars in the early part of this century, and the establishment of the comparative method by Bopp, so Mr. Lang's theory is the outcome of the modern method of anthropological study, which has already borne good fruit in the works of Mr. E. B. Tylor. The great difficulty with the older theories was that they supposed that man, in the myth-making stage of his existence, was in an advanced intellectual condition, and for some reason expressed his ideas in the curious terms of mythological allegory. The new theory proposes to show, in Mr. Lang's words, that "the human mind has passed through a condition quite unlike that of civilized man—a condition in which things seemed natural and rational that now appear unnatural and devoid of reason, and in which, therefore, if myths were evolved, they would, if they survived into civilization, be such as civilized men find strange and perplexing."

The first question naturally is, whether there "is a stage of human society and of the human intellect in which facts that appear to us monstrous and irrational—facts corresponding to the wilder incidents of myth—are accepted as ordinary occurrences of every-day life." This stage Mr. Lang finds in the condition of savagery through which man has passed, and it makes no difference whether we consider this condition the primitive one of man or not; it is enough that man has at some time passed through it and retained reminiscences of it in a subsequent more civilized state. In a word, Mr. Lang's theory is "that the savage and senseless element in mythology is, for the most part, a legacy from ancestors of the civilized races who were once in an intellectual state not higher, but probably lower, than that of the Australians, Bushmen, Red Indians, the lower races of South America, and other worse than barbaric peoples." The question why savages entertain the irrational ideas which survive in myths Mr. Lang does not stop to discuss, but briefly remarks that their intellectual powers are not fully developed, and hasty analogy from their own unreasoned consciousness is their chief guide. This important question must some day be met, but as it is more a psychological than an anthropological one, we suspect Mr. Lang's interest in it is less.

We have not space to follow in detail Mr. Lang's argument. He first selects a few peculiarities of savage thought, such as the tendency of the savage to consider himself akin to animals and plants and heavenly bodies, and assign human speech and feeling to them; belief in magic and sorcery; belief in the existence of the souls of the dead and power to conjure them up; the belief that a man's spirit may dwell in a particular part of his frame and be detached and roam about—that death is caused by some hostile spirit or conjurer; and, finally, the spirit of curiosity which leads the savage to account for the world about him. These points Mr. Lang proceeds to prove by a mass of quotations from reports of travellers, missionaries, etc. After he has established these peculiarities of savage thought, he examines in their light the class of nature myths, myths of the origin of the world and of man, and finally divine myths. These various classes of myths Mr. Lang traces first among savage peoples, and then among civilized races, and shows how the same elements are found in all, and often the most remarkable resemblances in point of belief, custom, and ritual.

The evidence is cumulative, and as the reader advances it is impossible to resist the conviction that Mr. Lang's theory is more plausible than any that has yet been offered. Still, it will not do to press it too far. The author is himself aware of its limitations. The myths of many peoples he has not yet investigated, and his theory at best accounts for only a part of mythology. To us the most interesting part of the work is that relating to the question of the origin and diffusion of popular tales, and as this question is just now one of growing interest, we cannot refrain from a brief account of this novel application of Mr. Lang's theory. While the Grimms were collecting their 'Household Tales' they were struck by the resemblance between many episodes in them and in Indo-Aryan mythology, but it was reserved for later writers, notably Cox and De Gubernatis, to make popular tales an integral part of that mythology, generally on the theory that they were the débris of myths. This theory accounted for their diffusion just as for that of the mythology from which they were evolved, by the dispersion of the Aryan peoples. The other theory, finding a striking resemblance between these tales and those of India, concluded that the popular tales of Europe had been brought from India within

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historic times, and diffused chiefly through channels of written literature. Both theories have broken down under the discovery that the popular tales of all peoples, Aryan and non-Aryan, civilized and savage, are practically the same (which disposes of the Grimm theory), and that there were popular tales long before there was an historic India, as was shown by the Egyptian tales published by Maspero in 1882, which disposes of the Benfey theory. We say these theories have broken down, we mean as *theories*, for there is doubtless some truth still left in each. That popular tales constitute a class apart, Mr. Lang readily admits: "They do not, like nature myths or divine myths, seek to account for the origin of things. They are romances or novels, and if they do explain anything, it is rather the origin or sanction of some human law or custom than the cause of any natural phenomenon that they expound." While Mr. Lang is not inclined to see in popular tales the débris of his savage mythology, he still thinks they are in the main survivals from a state of savagery, and may to a large extent be explained by the customs of savages. The minute application of the theory to popular tales is not made in the present work, but must be sought in Mr. Lang's introduction to Mrs. Hunt's translation of Grimm's 'Household Tales' (London: C. Bell & Sons, 1884, 2 vols. —the only complete translation of Grimm with the notes of the author), and to that most dainty of books, 'The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche' (London: David Nutt, 1887).

Mr. Lang's conclusions are not very positive. The supernatural *stuff* of the stories, as he says, "the threads of the texture, the belief in the life and personality of all things—in talking beasts and trees, in magical powers, in the possibility of visiting the dead—must, on our theory as already set forth, be found wherever men have passed through savagery and retained survivals of their intellectual condition, and wherever they have borrowed or imitated such survivals." This accounts for the similarity of the material of heroic myths and *Märchen*, but does not account for the similarity of *plot*, nor is the question much advanced by the suggestion that after all there may be no plot. Those who have worked through great collections of popular tales know that the most remarkable thing is precisely the well-defined plot, and the extraordinary resemblance in this respect of all Aryan popular tales. We say Aryan advisedly, for there is no such close resemblance between them and the savage tales. It is very hard to avoid the conclusion that the popular tales of Europe, at least, have come from some original centre, and that most of them were invented only once for all. May there not still be more truth in the Benfey theory than Mr. Lang is willing to admit? May not the popular tales of Europe at least have been powerfully influenced by the introduction of Indian stories, and may not the ruder preëxisting forms have taken on a more orderly shape? Mr. Lang's only conclusion is, that

> "what remains to do is to confess ignorance of the original centre of the *Märchen*, and inability to decide dogmatically which stories must have been invented only once for all, and which may have come together by the mere blending of the universal element of imagination. It is only certain that no limit can be put to a story's power of flight *per ora virum*."

We cannot take leave of these interesting volumes without again expressing our admiration for the scholarship and literary graces of the author. It is too much the fault of the day to neglect all literary style in serious composition. Mr. Lang shows us how to be serious and attractive at the same time.

DR. SAMUEL GROSS.

Autobiography of Samuel D. Gross, M. D., etc., etc., with sketches of his contemporaries. Edited by his sons. 2 vols., 8vo. Philadelphia: George Barrie. 1887.

THE profession of medicine is at a disadvantage in comparison with law and divinity, in that as a rule its disciples deal with units and not with groups or masses of men. The clergyman is constantly before the community, and is, at least in theory, an intellectual leader, a light set on a hill. Much of the lawyer's distinctive work lies in arguments and appeals made in public, and, in this country at least, the highest seats of administrative and executive power are practically reserved for members of the bar. The mechanical professions of architecture and engineering spread the fame of their members by works seen of all men, while journalism and the fine arts, each in its way, appeal to a popular verdict.

It is not so in medicine. A physician's reputation is acquired by the practical result of study as demonstrated on individuals, and under conditions that usually forbid general attention being drawn to it. At the best it is confined to a locality so small that he must have the personal acquaintance of nearly every admirer, and there is no legitimate appeal to the community at large. When the public attempts to gauge medical merit, it frequently misconstrues deportment as erudition, and mistakes the recuperative power of nature or the inevitable course of disease for skill or the absence of it in the physician. It is this working with unknown quantities upon solitary subjects that so limits the renown of medical men. And on this account probably not one reader of these lines in five hundred, not himself a physician, can name outside of his own town one man eminent in medicine to fifty of reputation if not of fame in other walks of life.

Within the limits of his own practice a successful physician is implicitly trusted and greatly beloved, but his hold upon the community is one of affection, like that of an enlarged domestic circle. It is not fame; it fades with him, and at best rarely survives the personal recipients of his service. Nevertheless, in this general neutral tint of professional dulness an infrequent picturesque color greets the eye; out of the ill-defined haze that covers the working multitude of doctors an occasional figure rises to challenge and to receive attention. Within the natural circle of their vicinage those who practise surgery, the branch of medical art that most directly appeals to the senses, become more widely known, and because of the appreciable nature of their exploits the radius of their reputation is the more rapidly and the further produced. The authors of successful professional books acquire esoteric fame that sometimes uncertainly vibrates in the popular ear, but teachers in the lecture-room are still better and wider known, and for a long time their students worship at their shrines. It is chiefly through these willing satellites that the central light is extended.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages enveloping the average practitioner, there are, therefore, a few physicians who acquire both popular reputation and the actual homage of the learned; men whose natural ability, strong character, and efficient worth raise them into the front rank. One of the best illustrations of this happy combination was the late Dr. Gross. Besides domestic honors, he received abroad the D.C.L. of Oxford and the LL.D. of both Cambridge and Edinburgh, and is therefore a conspicuous example of eminence recognized by the schools. Filling in succession chairs in Cincinnati, Louisville, and Philadelphia, he was a public teacher for forty-eight years, a skilful and busy practitioner of medicine and surgery for a still longer period, and during the whole time a constant and careful author, so that, as one of his biographers has written, "it is safe to say that no previous medical teacher or author on this continent exercises such a widespread and commanding influence as did Professor Gross." For the instructive history of his career, his aspirations, his struggles, his success—he appears to have had no real failures—we are indebted to a certain public spirit, and possibly to a pardonable pride in his own achievements as well as to his fortunately facile pen. Conscious that his long and active life might be an example, at the age of seventy he commenced the detailed rehearsal of its course, expressing intercurrently with much candor and considerable shrewdness his estimates of many contemporaries, and noting his views upon many public and social questions by the way. In the form of a diary this was continued until within a few weeks of his death, ten years later, in the spring of 1884.

Dr. Gross certainly was a great man. His strength of character appeared when, at less than fourteen years of age, finding card-playing as an amusement becoming too fascinating, he deliberately resolved not to play for twenty years, and he kept his resolution. Again, after beginning the study of medicine, he satisfied himself that his general education was insufficient, and accordingly he closed his professional books and returned to school. His characteristics were energetic and conscientious thoroughness, and self-reliance based thereon. He appears to have constantly kept in mind the responsibilities of his position, to have carefully prepared to meet them, and then fearlessly to have undertaken whatever presented. By his own estimate the genius he possessed was "the genius of industry"; but he had more than that—he had a strong mind and a good heart, and the two always worked in accord.

When he was not in the front rank, he was ahead of it, as for example in 1843, in his monograph on the 'Nature and Treatment of Wounds of the Intestines,' he foreshadowed the very latest and most successful methods of dealing with those grave injuries—methods that have found a practical expression since his death. His 'Pathological Anatomy,' published in 1839, was the first work of its kind in English, and gave him deserved fame abroad as well as at home. He was a voluminous writer all his days, and it is not flattery to say that every professional paper was so carefully prepared as to be of as substantial and lasting value as the shifting boundaries of medical science allow. For it is the misfortune of such works, in common with those of other sciences, that after death holds the author's hand they remain as guide-posts, not as terminal monuments. Subject to such limitations, his 'System of Surgery,' his greatest work, will be for years authority.

Dr. Gross's fame will rest upon his professional achievements; but this autobiographical deliverance of so active a mind should find many admirers, and in the future will serve as a map of contemporaneous society. Very naturally, his profession is the warp of these sheets, but in the weft are woven many figures where actors and deeds and opinions bearing upon the whole round of modern life appear. Social, religious, and economical views are freely expressed, and it is very interesting to follow the operation of such a mind among these themes. Perhaps the most practically important of these is his judgment of cremation, which is favorable; and by the authority of his will he caused

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his own remains to undergo the purification by fire instead of the dishonor of underground putrefaction. A city graveyard he properly styles "a relic of barbarism of the worst kind." Among the many biographical notices and the numerous dates and names introduced we observe no really serious errors, although in a book written by one physician and edited by another, where, as is evident, the proof has been most carefully read, Sternberger should not be allowed to stand for Dr. Sternberg's name. Dr. Gross refers to Macadam, the road-making engineer, as an American citizen, as he believed. Macadam's only connection with this country was a temporary residence, begun in 1770 and terminating in 1783, during the Revolutionary period of which he was a civil officer of the Crown.

Unquestionably Dr. Gross was a man of kind heart and good impulses, and he certainly thought himself considerate towards others, but there are at least two instances where the delicacy that finds its best expression in the Golden Rule was not displayed. In one case he saw for the first time fallen in drunken helplessness a well-known scientist, whom he elsewhere styles "great and good," and who was habitually a temperate man. But he embalms in print this mortifying fault, although the victim has been dead more than fifty years, and the incident had no special relevancy to the narrative. Surely our sins do haunt our memories. Again, he describes in detail the dress of the daughter of a well-known literary man who had accompanied her aged father to a certain assembly, and characterizes it as grotesque, as it certainly was. The lady is living; but, whether alive or not, it was certainly not in good taste to print such references to any woman, not herself seeking notoriety, and judicious editors would have omitted both these remarks.

The book is excellently made in every particular, and the energetic and somewhat aggressive author would be well pleased to see his last literary venture so well presented to the world. Besides giving pleasure to those whose positions are assured, it will probably act, as the writer hoped, "by stimulating the ambition of those who may come after him to work for the advancement of science and the amelioration of human suffering."

Von Luther bis Lessing. Sprachgeschichtliche Aufsätze von Friedrich Kluge. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner, 1887.

Prof. Kluge, author of the well-known etymological dictionary, here gives us, in brief compass and very readable form, the results of his own careful examination of an interestiug and much mooted question of German philology, namely, the precise indebtedness of modern literary German to Luther and the Reformation. The prevailing tendency has long been to date the new High German standard language from Luther, and to regard him as the creator of it. In opposition to this view, Scherer dated the new language from about 1650, and ascribed the "epoch-making" influence to the grammarians Schottel and Gottsched. He regarded Luther as simply a prominent figure in what he called the "period of transition" from Middle to New High German, that is, the period from 1350 to 1650. Other writers besides Scherer have also endeavored to weaken the prestige of Luther as the creator of modern German. Brandt observes, in his Grammar, that "Luther's share in the establishment of the written language is generally not well stated and often overrated," and further calls attention to the fact that fourteen translations of the Vulgate Bible had been published in High German previous to the year 1518. The work before us, although a mere pamphlet, gives all the data necessary to enable the reader to form an independent judgment with regard to the matter at issue. It is based upon a careful study of old and long-forgotten prints that have been exhumed from public libraries here and there, and are now made to shed their peculiar light upon the linguistic conditions of the sixteenth century. The essays are not controversial in tone, but their whole tenor goes to show that the language now universally known as "German" really is, from an historical point of view, what Grimm called it, a Protestant dialect; and also that the influence of Martin Luther in giving shape to this dialect can hardly be overestimated. We must content ourselves here with indicating very briefly the general course of Kluge's interesting argument.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there were three great obstacles to be overcome before anything like a national German language could start into existence. In the first place there was the supremacy of the Latin as the language of the Church and of scholarship. The cosmopolitan character of the Church seemed to require an international language, and the Latin not only served this purpose, but had also become in some sense the symbol of the Church's historical dignity. Thus the Church cast its influence in favor of the use of Latin for all literary purposes, and endeavored to foster the idea that the mother-tongue was not only vulgar and barbarous, but not comparable with the Latin as a means of expressing thought. How persistent and vigorous this opposition was, Kluge's quotations show conclusively. When, accordingly, the Wittenberg agitation began, it was Luther's language as well as his ecclesiastical views that drew upon him the hostile attention of the Church. And the reformer threw down the gage of linguistic battle as boldly as he had that of the battle theological. There is evidence that he fully foresaw the immense advantage that would come to his cause by connecting it with the use and advocacy of the mother tongue. Who can estimate the importance of the fact that the protest of the Wittenberg priest was thus allowed by the Church to take on more and more the aspect of a quarrel between the German people, the German heart, the German tongue, and a Latin-speaking priesthood directed from Rome? How distinctly and strongly the cause of Protestantism became identified with that of the German language, appears from the statistics of book-making for the early part of the sixteenth century. In 1512 there were 140 books printed in German; in 1513, 90; in 1514, 110; in 1515, 150; in 1516, 110; in 1517, 80 (it was on October 31, 1517, that the theses were nailed on the church door at Wittenberg); in 1518, 150: in 1519, 260; in 1520, 570; in 1521, 620; in 1522, 680; in 1523, 935; in 1524, 990. The history of Catholic opposition to the nascent national language is fully traced by Kluge. The last point to be surrendered was in regard to the use of the final e in such words as Blume, Krone. Even as late as 1782 a Catholic organ could still complain: "Es klang doch ehemals so genuinkatholisch die Seel, die Cron, die Sonn, die Blum u. s. w.—und nun schreiben die unsrigen fast durchgängig die Seele, die Krone, die Sonne, die Blume—wie die leibhaften Ketzer auch schreiben."

The second of the obstacles referred to above lay in the existence of numerous highly differentiated dialects. Tenacious local prejudices had to be overcome, and it was a long time before even Protestants in various parts of the empire could persuade themselves to write the language of Luther instead of their own local speech. During the entire sixteenth century comparatively little progress was made. The early reprints of the Bible contained glossaries in which words of Luther were explained in terms of the local vernacular. Among all the literary dialects, that of Zwingli and the Swiss reformers was most tenacious of life, though it was never a formidable competitor for the honor of becoming the standard literary idiom. Such a competitor did exist, however, in the official language (*Kanzleisprache*) of the Emperor Maximilian, which was in a fair way to become a generally accepted standard when its progress was checked by the dialect of the Reformation. What Kluge has undertaken to do is to follow the fortunes of Luther's language during the period in which it was becoming generally accepted as the literary standard; to recount in a somewhat popular form, and without going too much into philological details, the struggle of the new idiom with the Catholic Church, the dialects. and, later, with the Latinizing tendencies of the humanists.

Palæolithic Man in N. W. Middlesex. The Evidence of his Existence and the Physical Conditions under which he lived in Ealing and its Neighborhood, illustrated by the Condition and Culture Presented by certain existing Savages. By Jno. Allen Brown, F. G. S., F. R. G. S. Macmillan & Co. 1887. With a frontispiece and eight plates. Small 4to, pp. 227.

This book embodies the substance of eight papers concerning the prehistoric archæology exhibited in the northwestern portion of Middlesex, England. The neighborhood of Ealing has proved a very valuable region for the detailed study of prehistoric man, and much of our knowledge concerning the district in an archæological point of view is due to the persistent inquiries of the author of this treatise. Mr. Brown's aim is to show, by inferences based upon observed facts, the character of the geography at the time when man first appeared in the district, and the succession of events which have occurred since that time. He makes it evident that since the advent of man this region has been subjected to a considerable process of elevation, naturally accompanied by the continued down-cutting of the stream beds as the base level of erosion was altered.

The interest which the reader will have in this book must rest rather upon the importance of its subject than upon the shape in which that matter has been presented by the author. The failure to rework in a thorough way the matter set forth in his previous essays has led to an unhappy clumsiness of statement. Moreover, though large parts of the treatise rest upon careful observation made by himself and others, we find at many points a good deal that is conjectural. Such hypothetical work is well enough in its place, but it is not well to combine the statement of historic fact with guesswork as to the conditions of the environment which prevailed at the time these facts were recorded in the rocks.

To the general reader the most interesting chapters are those descriptive of the worked flints from the Ealing district, in which the author gives a clear account of the various implements used by the historic people of that district, and the chapter concerning the conditions of life presented by certain savages, now in a state of culture, apparently analogous to that of palæolithic men. In this last-named chapter, the author briefly and rather effectively sketches the condition of various people who at present use implements similar to

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those which have come down to us from the palæolithic men. He fails, however, to note the important fact that the moral and social condition of peoples is in many cases inadequately represented by the condition of their technical or plastic arts, or at least those portions of such arts as have survived the ravages of time. There can hardly be a doubt that the Aryan folk in the later part of the stone age were generally in a very much higher state of culture than the Eskimo or the people of Tierra del Fuego. This difference in race characteristics must qualify all the conclusions which rest upon the art remains alone.

Electric Transmission of Energy. By Gilbert Kapp. D. Van Nostrand.

Electricity, for Public Schools and Colleges. By W. Larden, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1887.

Applied electricity has made rapid strides in the last few years, as is evidenced by the recent endowment of professorships for this subject in a large number of the leading technical institutions of the country, and also by the fact that dynamo electricity, practically unknown in the arts ten years ago, is now, under certain conditions, in electric lighting, in the storage battery, and in its use as a transmitter of power, an assured success. In the last-named capacity it has not made the advance of the electric light or of the storage battery. Numerous reasons might be assigned for this, but probably the principal cause has been the fact that electrical transmission of power has *resulted* from the introduction of the electric light, and that the cost of investigating and experimenting upon electrical motors has been a great detriment. In the majority of cases where the electric light is used in factories, warehouses, ferry-boats, etc., etc., the dynamos are run by power which is present in excess of the normal requirements. Under these conditions the electric light is more economical than any other; but no such saving can be shown in transferring electricity as a power, with the one exception that where a central station is established for the generation of the electricity for motive power, and this power is delivered to a number of engines, all of small power, the cost of running the central plant would be much less than that of the separate small boilers, engines, etc. Upon this point the author states:

"A steam engine of 100 horse-power, driving a dynamo in the centre of a two-mile circuit, could deliver an aggregate of 60 horse-power (allowing efficiency of dynamo to be 60 per cent.) in as many separate points within that circuit. Apart from all considerations of nuisance and cost of attendance, in the case of sixty separate small steam-engines placed throughout the district, which might be used instead of the sixty electro-motors, it is evident that we can generate 100 horse-power in one single engine at a far less cost of fuel than could be done in small engines; and although the double conversion necessitated by electrical distribution of energy entails some loss, there is still a large margin in the general economy of the system."

Under certain conditions this could even be improved upon, as, where the power used to run in the generating dynamo is water-power instead of coal, the cost would be trifling in comparison—in fact, the cost would simply be that of the original plant and repairs; and we predict success for this in the near future where small power is wanted. The convenience of the system is absolutely beyond comparison with the direct use of boilers, etc.; there is no heat, no smoke, no dirt; in one minute, if desired, the power is obtained from the central station, and in an instant shut off.

The chapter devoted to underground cables gives a résumé of the different devices in use, a somewhat lengthy explanation of induced currents, and the many mechanical obstacles that have rendered the majority of patented underground cables of little value for practical use. More attention has been given to this subject in this country than in England, and the advances here have been greater. The electric-light companies have been forced by ordinances, in many of our large cities, to face the future laying of all wires for electrical use in underground conduits.

The author has endeavored to make a somewhat difficult matter (the transmission of electrical energy) plain to those who wish to investigate the subject from a commercial standpoint, and the work will also be extensively consulted by electricians, as it is a careful and thorough treatise.

Mr. Larden's work is an exception to the great number of text-books on the same subject: it contains a large amount of new matter, and shows an admirable arrangement of text. Its bulk, and the small attention given to electricity in our public schools, make it a text-book rather of the higher grade—for our colleges and universities. The author is an experienced teacher in this and allied branches of science.

Edward Jessup of West Farms, Westchester Co., New York, and his Descendants. With an Introduction and an Appendix, the latter containing records of other American families of the name, with some additional memoranda. By Rev. Henry Griswold Jesup. Cambridge: Privately printed for the author by John Wilson & Son. 1887. Sq. 8vo, pp. 442.

In this very handsome volume will be found a good record of the comparatively small family descended from Edward Jessop, one of the early colonists of Stamford. As he had but one son and three grandsons of the name, it will be understood that bearers of the name have been few, and relationships have been readily traced. The author has kept the descendants in these three main lines the more easily because one grandson, Joseph, moved to New York, and his family, being Loyalists, removed to Canada.

Edward Jessop appears as one of the settlers at Stamford in 1649. An incidental mention occurs of his mother, the widow Whitmore, undoubtedly the relict of that John Whitmore, prominent in the settlement of Stamford, who was killed by the Indians in 1648. Jessop died in 1666, leaving a daughter Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Hunt, jr., and a grandchild, Mary Hunt, mentioned in his will; another daughter, Hannah, not eighteen; and a son Edward, born in 1663. He also left a widow Elizabeth, who married Robert Beacham or Beauchamp, and survived him, dying after 1690. It seems highly probable that Jessop had been twice married. In his will he mentions his brother-in-law, John Burroughs, and cousin Johannah B., evidently John's daughter.

We are quite disappointed at finding no proof of the English ancestry of the emigrant. It was well known that among the Puritans at Leyden was a Francis Jessop, who married there Frances White, probably a sister of the wife of the Rev. John Robinson. There was a John Jessop also at Stamford, who settled at Southampton, N. Y., in 1653, and left a numerous posterity. The above-named Francis was the third son of Richard J. of Broom Hall, in Sheffield, and it had been hoped that a connection would be traced from this main stock to the two emigrants to Connecticut. It appears, however, that the services of the late Col. Chester were engaged, but that his death prevented the completion of his search. It seems highly probable that a renewed investigation would be successful, as the indications are certainly encouraging. In the meantime, we congratulate the family upon the very satisfactory history of the race in America which has been prepared in this volume.

Subjective Political Economy. By Arthur M. Smith. 2d ed. London: Williams & Norgate.

The modest task which the author of this work sets before him is "to show that there is in reality no question at issue between the various schools of political economists." His method of doing this is calculated to amuse such readers as it fails to confuse. He sets out by making his own definitions of all the terms used in economic discussion, and then assumes towards each problem different "mental attitudes," which are not always either graceful or effective. For example, he will look at a question from the "egoistic" standpoint, and then from the "altruistic"; or from the "ideal" standpoint, and then from the "real"; or from the "standpoint of time," and then from the "standpoint of eternity." From this last standpoint he finds that Ricardo's theory of rent is true and logical, but from the standpoint of time he finds it false; for, he maintains, Ricardo ignores the element of time, and the real "cause of rent is the alteration in value consequent upon the consideration of time."

That alone which makes the book worthy of review is the fact that its author is an English protectionist. A protectionist writer always has a claim to a hearing, first, as a matter of fair play, and second, because he is almost certain to say something new and original. Free-traders have a few commonplace propositions upon which all are agreed. But the arguments for protection change with each decade, with each country, and with each thinker. Mr. Smith's form no exception to this rule. It is true that we have often heard the first of his two main arguments. It is that free trade (like machinery) enables the same amount of goods to be produced with less labor, and thus injures the laborer. But his second argument is unique, and it is here that he rests his case. The mistake of the free-traders, he maintains, is that they ignore the element of time. "Is he a wise man," he asks triumphantly, "who buys in the most distant market? . . . The answer is plain: he buys of his next-door neighbor at a higher price, in preference to a man at a greater distance, because the further off the person from whom he buys, the greater will be the amount he will have to pay in order to buy time." As one lays down the book, he involuntarily wonders whether Mr. Smith's belief in protection is the cause or the effect of the other ideas which he holds.

Claverhouse. By Mowbray Morris. [English Worthies.] D. Appleton & Co. 1887. 12mo, pp. 222.

It would have been thought somewhat strange, a few years ago, to class John Graham of Claverhouse among the "worthies," so evil are the associations with his name among the descendants of the Puritans. And even in the present tolerant days, when we recognize that no man is wholly bad, as no man is wholly good, it is hard to bestow this epithet upon a man whose chief merit, as an historical character, is that he did the duties that were laid upon him faithfully and efficiently, if with unnecessary violence and brutality. That he was in a sense an heroic character, all will readily admit; that his heroism was of the elevated type of that of

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his contemporary, Blake, will not probably be claimed.

Mr. Morris's book is written with the thoroughness and the fairness which characterize the other books of the series, and indeed the modern English school of biography. It will not do the admirers of seventeenth-century Puritanism any harm to be made acquainted with the good side of this hated personage; while, on the other hand, the partisans of the Government will learn from it that the resistance of the Covenanters was justified, and even their excesses almost extenuated, by the grievances to which they were forced to submit. Of Claverhouse himself Mr. Morris says (p. 133):

"He was no capricious and unlicensed oppressor of a God-fearing and inoffensive peasantry, but a soldier waging war against a turbulent population carrying arms and willing to use them. . . . His most able and his bitterest accuser pronounces him to have been 'rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and obdurate heart.' Yet every attempt of his enemies to convict him of extortion or malversation broke signally down. The decorum of his life and conversation was allowed even by the Covenanters; and it is recorded as a notable thing that, however disturbed or thwarted, he was never known to use profane language. . . . His heart was indeed hard to those whom he regarded as plotters and murderers, traitors to their king, and enemies of the true religion. He was, indeed, in his own way as much a fanatic as the men whom he was empowered to crush. . . . But his hardness, if not tempered with mercy, was at least guided by more justice than was common among his colleagues. He both advocated and practised the policy of distinguishing between the multitude and their ringleaders. . . . When judged by the general manners of the age, the circumstances of the time, and his position, I do not believe him to have been cruel by nature or careless of human life."

In his youth he says of him (p. 47): "His manners were gentle and courteous, though reserved; his habit of life was, as has been said, singularly decorous; he was scrupulous in the observance of all religious ordinances."

When it comes to the special instances of brutality charged against Claverhouse, the case of the "Wigtown martyrs" is passed over briefly, for the reason that "Claverhouse was present neither at the trial nor the execution." That the story is a true one, and that "the two women were drowned in the waters of the Blednock on May 11, 1685, is surely a fact as well authenticated as any in the martyrology of the Scottish Covenant" (p. 114). But "that Claverhouse, and he alone, is responsible for the death of John Brown, stands on the very best authority, for it stands on his own." Even here, however, the worst features of the case are not certainly attested. Other cases are examined in the same candid spirit, including that of Andrew Hislop, "a far blacker case than the more notorious one of John Brown," because the victim was an innocent boy, whom Claverhouse wished to save and had the power to save, but, "like Pilate, he preferred his own convenience." One thing is clear: if we have here an apparent reversal of the judgment of history, the final verdict is, after all, not very different from that of Scott in 'Old Mortality.'

Free Rum on the Congo; and What It is Doing There. By Wm. T. Hornaday. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 1887. Pp. 145. 12mo.

This indictment of the Christian nations for their responsibility for the African liquor traffic is a just one. The simple facts are these: When the Berlin Conference in 1884 established the Congo Free State, four of the Powers, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, and the United States, endeavored to secure a special article restricting the liquor traffic. This humane proposition was opposed by the representatives of France, Netherlands, and Germany, and, as a unanimous vote was required for the adoption of any measure, it was defeated. There are, therefore, no restrictions whatever to the importation of liquor, and this business has accordingly assumed enormous proportions. In one year five nations alone shipped 10,377,166 gallons to African ports; Germany being the leading offender with nearly 8,000,000, the Netherlands following with 1,099,146, and Boston coming third with 737,650 gallons. Bottles of gin have become the currency in place of yards of cloth, half the native produce and labor is paid in it, while an insatiable craving for it has been excited in the wretched tribes reached by the "Christian" trader. Naturally the stuff is of the vilest quality, though in this, it should be said, the Germans discriminate. When Herr Woermann, Deputy for Hamburg and head of the great house bearing his name, was charged in the Reichstag with sending poisonous brandy to Africa, he acknowledged that it was true. "He said, however, that he had never sent bad brandy to any of the German colonies, but to the French colonies. To these he had shipped rum of the worst quality." There is no need of following Mr. Hornaday in an attempt to show the incalculable and indescribable evil which this nefarious trade is doing. That must be evident to every thinking person. There is only one remedy, so far as we are concerned, and that is, to arouse a public sentiment against it so strong that the Powers represented at the Berlin Conference shall meet again and pass a measure prohibiting the shipment of liquor to African ports. This is not hopeless, since six of these Powers, including the three original opponents of restriction, have recently signed a convention prohibiting the sale of liquor by the "copers" (floating grog-shops) to the North Sea fishing fleets. The only other hope for Africa is that Mohammedanism, victorious over both Christianity and fetishism, shall at the same time extirpate intemperance. We have but a single word of criticism for Mr. Hornaday's earnest book, and that is, it is too long.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, Dr. I. W. Manual of the Constitution of the United States. Revised edition. Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.
Astronomical Revelations. Edward Dexter. $2.
Baring-Gould, S. Richard Cable, the Lightshipman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 25 cents.
Bickersteth, M. C. A Sketch of the Life and Episcopate of Robert Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon. 1857–1884. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Blyden, Dr. E. W. Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race. London: W. B. Whittingham & Co.
Bocock, K. Tax the Area: A Solution of the Land Problem. J. W. Lovell Co. 20 cents.
Boetticher, A. Die Akropolis von Athen. Nach den Berichten der Alten und den neuesten Erforschungen. Berlin: Julius Springer.
Bourget, Paul. Mensonges. Paris: Lemerre; Boston: Schoenhof.
Bousfield, C. Memoirs of Count Horace de Viel-Castel: A Chronicle of the Principal Events during the Reign of Napoleon III., from 1851 to 1864. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co.
Canfield, C. W. The American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac for 1888. Scovill Manufacturing Co.
Clarétie, J. Boum-Boum. W. R. Jenkins. 25 cents.
Delines, Michel. La Terre dans le Roman russe. Paris: Librairie illustrée; Boston: Schoenhof.
Dennis, J. Robert Southey: The Story of his Life Written in his Letters. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $2.25.
Ducros, Louis. J.-J. Rousseau. [Classiques populaires.] Paris: Lecène & Oudin; Boston: Schoenhof.
Favre, Mme. Jules. Montaigne, Moraliste et Pedagogue. Paris: Fischbacher; Boston: Schoenhof.
Fulton & Trueblood's Chart Illustrating the Principles of Vocal Expression. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.
Harrison and Blackwell. Easy Lessons in French. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. $1.25.
Hawthorne, J. Beatrix Randolph. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
Hecker, Rev. I. T. The Church and the Age: An Exposition of the Catholic Church in View of the Needs and Aspirations of the Present Age. Office of the *Catholic World*.
Holley, Marietta. Poems. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.
Holmes, O. W. My Hunt after the Captain, and Other Papers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
Howley, Rev. M. F. Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland. Boston: Doyle & Whittle.
Johnson—Buel. Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Being for the most part contributions by Union and Confederate officers. Based upon "The Century War Series." Vol. I. The Century Co.
Jost, M. Annuaire de L'Enseignement Primaire. Quatrième Année. 1888. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Journal des Goncourt. T. II. 1862–1865. Paris: Charpentier; Boston: Schoenhof.
Lamartine, A. de. Graziella. W. R. Jenkins. 40 cents.
Larousse. Grand Dictionnaire universelle. 2e Supplément, fasc. 8–12. Boston: Schoenhof.
Lavisse, Ernest. Essais sur l'Allemagne impériale. Paris: Hachette; Boston: Schoenhof.
Layard, Sir H. Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, including a Residence among the Bakhtiyari and other Wild Tribes before the Discovery of Nineveh. 2 vols. With Maps and Illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. $7.50.
Littell's Living Age. Vol. 175. October to December, 1877. Boston: Littell & Co.
Mason, A. J. The Faith of the Gospel: A Manual of Christian Doctrine. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
McCarthy, J. Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 35 cents.
McLoughlin, M. Louise. Painting in Oil. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. $1.
Mercier, Mrs. Jerome. The Story of Salvation; or, Thoughts on the Historic Study of the Bible. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Messaros, W. Some Dainty Poems. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Rufus C. Hartranft. $2.00.
Westall, W. A Queer Race. Cassell & Co. 25 cents.

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